

# Catholic Digest

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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Volume 12

APRIL, 1948

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**T**HOSE days which elapsed between the Lord's Resurrection and Ascension did not fruitlessly drift by, but in them great and sacred truths were confirmed; great mysteries were revealed. In those days the fear of awful death was taken away, and the immortality, not only of the soul, but also of the body, was made known.

St. Leo in Matins of the 2nd Sunday after Easter.

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## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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VOL. 12

NO. 6

# Catholic Digest

APRIL, 1948

*Marriage in reality*

## The World Needs Virgins

By a Benedictine of Stanbrook

Condensed from a book\*

**B**EFORE the Incarnation there seems to have been considerable doubt as to whether women were in any way to be reckoned in the same spiritual category as men. To this day rank-and-file Mohammedans question whether women even possess souls. The function of Mohammedan women is simply to be useful or a source of pleasure to men. True, in the Jewish community women were accorded a certain spiritual status; the works of mercy were open to them, and, although not allowed to approach within a certain radius of a strict rabbi in public, in private they could and did become his disciples. But their lives were continually shadowed by divorce. Against this evil our Lord opposed the absolute prohibition of divorce and the ideal of a celibate life. The abolition of divorce marked an enormous liberation; it gave woman a status no longer dependent upon her physical attrac-

tiveness; it gave to one who had no rights the full prerogatives of a human personality.

Absolute emancipation from the Old Law, however, was really the achievement of the virgins. It was they who made it abundantly clear that woman was a spiritual being existing solely for God, and not, as in other religions, for man.

Nothing is more touching in the early history of the Church than the instant response of young girls to the ideal of virginity. The pageant moves throughout the ages, at its head the Queen of all virgins and in the rear "a multitude of all nations and peoples and tongues."

Nowadays they are called nuns. At first, they were simply known as virgins or ascetics, and, as Origen bears witness, their number was unbelievably great. Such were St. Praxedes and St. Pudentiana, who entertained the

\*Any Saint to Any Nun. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 12 Barclay St., New York City, 8.  
144 pp. \$2.50.

Apostles Peter and Paul in their father's house in Rome. The virgins of the early Church did not live in cloistered communities, but often gathered in small groups under tutelage of a widow distinguished for prudence and piety.

One of the most famous bands of ascetics included Demetrias, illustrious virgin of the 5th century. When Rome was captured by Alaric in 410, her little company embarked for Africa, where St. Augustine received them under his protection at Carthage. In 413, probably under his influence, Demetrias resolved to consecrate her life to God by a formal vow of virginity. The news penetrated to Bethlehem, where St. Jerome, then nearing his end, penned a letter to her. The fact that Demetrias lived at home and had not embraced any ecclesiastical Rule explains why St. Jerome was free to dictate a Rule of Life. Later on she returned to Rome and spent her life in prayer and good works. She is the holy woman mentioned in the second Nocturn lessons of St. Leo the Great as having built the Basilica of St. Stephen at his request; and a treatise on humility addressed to her has been assigned to St. Leo by some authorities, to St. Prosper by others. But she surely stands unique in her relations with Doctors of the Church. Few nuns could lay claim to such an imposing array of spiritual directors as St. Ambrose, St. John Chrysostom, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and St. Leo.

With the organization of Religious Orders within the Church, the type of

consecrated virgins living within the shelter of their own homes has grown rarer but has never died out. As late as the 17th century they were a commonplace expression of Catholic life in Spain and the Spanish colonies. Blessed John of Avila (c. 1500-69) wrote his once-celebrated treatise *Audi Filia* for one such virgin, Doña Sancha Carillo; and Blessed Mariana de Paredes, the "lily of Quito" and patroness of Ecuador (1618-45), although a virgin consecrated by vow, never lived in the cloister. The more famous saints, such as St. Catherine of Siena (1347-80), St. Rose of Lima (1586-1617), and in our own day, St. Gemma Galgani (1878-1903), passed their lives in the houses of parents or friends. The institution of "Christian virgins" living in their own homes and consecrated to virginity has persisted in China from the introduction of Christianity in the 16th century to the present.

This was the only workable arrangement for them during the three centuries when Christianity was always officially discountenanced by the state, usually ignored but sometimes actively persecuted (much as in England at the same time but with no Netherlands to provide shelter). Those virgins have played a prominent part in Chinese Christian life by helping and encouraging the faithful, especially during times of stress, such as the Boxer rising, by catechizing, and by helping the clergy in other ways. Modern variations upon the same theme are found in Congregations such as

the Filles de Marie and the Ladies of the Grail.

When at length virgins did assemble in regular Communities, it was often owing to the initiative of the sisters of the great ecclesiastical legislators, and it is through them that we are allowed to penetrate into the tenderness of men who might otherwise overawe us by reason of their gigantic stature. There are few more charming pictures in the history of the Church than St. Gregory the Great's delicate cameo-portrait of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica engaged in their sharp love-duel about whether Benedict should go home or spend more time in spiritual discourse with his sister. As in all such contests, the woman bore off the palm of victory, when it providentially rained so hard that he couldn't go home.

Less familiar is the earlier figure of St. Macrina taking in hand her conceited young brother Basil with his university honors thick upon him, and firmly setting his face towards the goal that crowned him with sanctity and the Church's title of "the Great." Which noble task accomplished, she ruled as abbess of a double monastery of monks and nuns, and died in the presence of her brother, St. Gregory of Nyssa, who tenderly lays her out with his own hands according to her expressed desire. St. Ambrose's love and veneration for his sister, St. Marcellina, "dearer to him than his life and eyes," breathe through every page of his treatise on virgins addressed to her; and it was for his own sister's Community of nuns that St. Augustine

wrote the letter now known as his Rule which forms the basis of observance of so many Religious Societies.

The life of the "pensive nun, devout and pure" has come to be regarded as something completely negative, as the mere shunning of the married state and the virtuous living of a single life. But the nun who enters fully into all the implications of her state of life, far from being what the world derisively calls a spinster, should approach ever nearer to the ideal of perfect womanhood which only that woman has ever fully realized whose virginity was so perfect that she merited to become the Mother of God. Patristic theology, notably St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, gives fragmentary hints that virgin spousals and virgin births were to have been the primeval law of paradise, from which man lapsed into natural conditions through sin. At the Incarnation, God restored the paradisiac law in actual fact, and our Lord in counseling virginity reestablished the law in spirit and in truth for all those who, hearing the word, could take it.

The positive aspect of virginity has perhaps nowhere found bolder expression than in the words used by the Church herself in the Eucharistic Preface sung by the prelate at the consecration of a virgin, "Without diminishing in any degree the honor where-with Thou hast clothed the marriage state, nay rather, confirming the blessing conferred upon the holy union of matrimony, Thou has nevertheless been pleased to create souls of loftier

sort, who having no desire for the human marriage bond yet covet the sublime mystery it represents, and whilst declining to emulate earthly nuptials, love that of which the act is but a symbol." The Church draws no sort of half-apologetic analogy, as some saints have done, between the consecration of a virgin and the sacrament of Matrimony, but openly declares, as does St. Paul, that human marriage is but a symbol of the divine reality of the nuptial bond between Christ and the soul. The nun, desiring true and full fruition, turns her back on the shadows to gaze on the dazzling splendor of their realities in God.

There may be times when she grows weary, when she finds it difficult to follow the ideals for which she has given all she could give. The glory grows dim, prayer becomes distasteful, her life appears fruitless, her labors barren, the commonplace distresses of community life assume grotesque proportions, she longs to escape from her surroundings, to go apart into a desert place and rest awhile. It is at times such as these that she calls upon the watchmen and keepers of the City of God to direct her steps in the right paths until she again finds Him for whom her soul thirsteth. The counsel she receives naturally varies in style from age to age, but on the essential point all the saints are agreed. God is, and ever must be, the pivot and center of her whole life. As the eyes of the handmaid are on the hands of her mistress so must her eyes be lifted up to the Lord her God. She must be un-

aware of, or rather unconcerned with, self. "When one is affianced to Jesus Christ," to quote St. Bernadette, "one must say only: 'Yes, my God!' without any *ifs* or *but*s." Such sacrifice of self is the necessary price of divine union and calls for surrender so complete as to issue in the perfect wedding of two in one will, the will of the soul's Beloved.

The religious upheaval of the 16th century has left its mark upon the spiritual outlook of modern times. Luther, Jansenius, and the psychologists of the last two centuries have accustomed men to regard themselves each as the center of his own particular world, so that in our spiritual life we are apt to begin with ourselves, striving by the various practices of asceticism to cleanse our souls to make them fit for God's indwelling, before we really begin to look at God Himself. Perhaps we have become too introspective, we think and talk too easily in stock terms of complexes, inhibitions, mental heredity, and environment. It is possible to concentrate so closely upon the means, that He tends to be forgotten or at least obscured, who is "Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end."

We hear a great deal now of rights of women, equality of the sexes, necessity for impartial legal consideration. The grievances of so-called feminists may be legitimate and real, but it may fairly be questioned whether they claim redress on the right grounds. There is a constant display of a wholly un-Christlike attitude of mind which

concentrates all the emphasis upon getting, not giving, upon doing, not being. Mankind is suffering from "the distorted vision of a mutilated faith." It has lost its insight into spiritual values. Men and women devoted to a life of contemplation are, at best, tolerated as harmless but useless members of society, and the history of Europe during the last 50 years has borne ample testimony to the fact that their active persecution is by no means a thing of a less enlightened past.

The 20th century of the Christian era, like the 1st, is an age of easy divorce and self-seeking materialism, spiritually sick unto death. Perhaps now, as then, the real challenge to the existing order of things and the real

achievement of true womanly freedom is to be found in the same unexpected quarter.

It may very well turn out in the ultimate analysis that the emancipated woman will prove to be, not the Parliamentary representative nor member of the Brains Trust, broadcasting high-sounding schemes of social reform and social security, but the woman who loses her life in order to find it, who replaces the doctrine of possession by that of abnegation, who aims at being good before doing good, who realizes that only through the Body of Christ can a macerated world receive healing balm, and that through prayer and sacrifice alone can the antidote derive its efficacious power.



#### *Footnote to Blanshard on Abortion*

THE mother-or-child dilemma is a relic of the early days of obstetrics. In one of the largest hospitals in New York City, where the average number of deliveries is more than 3,000 a year, no such dilemma has been encountered in my experience during the past 20 years. A recent survey, covering the past 18 months, of one of the large hospitals in New York City, for which Protestant, Jewish, and Catholic doctors share the responsibility, reveals that only two therapeutic abortions were performed in 5,328 deliveries. It is quite apparent that the Protestant and Jewish doctors in this hospital regard therapeutic abortion as completely outmoded. Medicine, not religion, is the reason.

Dr. Joseph L. McGoldrick in the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review* (Feb. '48).

# Why Don't Parents

By  
ESTELLE SAFIER McBRIDE

**I**F SOMEONE should ask whether your parents were good to you, chances are you would answer, "Well—yes, sure." But if he were numb-brained enough to ask, "Are they too good to you?" you'd probably reply sharply, "Don't be silly. How could parents be too good?"

Actually, you've probably never thought much about it. It's true that your parents have been on the giving side ever since you were born. Come to think of it, a few crocodile tears or a bit of high-pressure coaxing always seemed to get you what you wanted. True, there are some people who think you're spoiled, but you don't believe it for a minute. As far as you're concerned, your parents have just been behaving like parents. They love you and show it. There's nothing extra special about that!

How can you tell whether your mother and father are the "my child can do no wrong" variety? Well, let's take a look at the typical too-good mother.

She won't let you do a fair share of work around the house; she wants you to have nothing but fun while you're young. She scrimps and denies herself so that you can have an extra party



# GROW UP?

Condensed from  
Seventeen\*

dress. She smiles tenderly when you fret that your allowance is gone by Wednesday—and dishes out more money when dad isn't looking. She soaks you in singing lessons, dancing lessons, skating lessons, sessions at the hairdresser's—anything your little heart desires. She joins with you in verbally mauling the teacher when you come home with low-gear grades. (This description does *not* fit your mother? Good!)

There are fathers who try to fix things for their young, too. Son thinks it would be a good idea to get a job in the bank during the summer. Dad says, "You just sit tight, son." Then father sees somebody who knows somebody who did a favor for somebody at the bank—and, chances are, sonny gets the job without lifting a finger.

Then there's the father who has a way of covering up for his children. John or Jane gets into a scrape; dad puts on his most affable "well, kids will be kids" manner and works it so that John or Jane avoids the curative aftermath.

Offhand, it sounds as if any teen who has parents like those is Miss Lucky (or Mr. Lucky) in the flesh.

\*11 W. 42nd St., New York City, 18. April, 1947.

But it isn't so. Parents who make it too easy for you when you're young make it too hard for you when you're older. The girl and boy who are consistently allowed to shirk responsibilities, squeeze out of jams and generally get their own way at home, often go to pieces when they meet up with the outside world, because the world can't be bothered catering to them the way mother and dad do.

Coaxing won't make a math teacher give you a passing grade when your work doesn't entitle you to it. A future employer won't smile tenderly if you decide to take the afternoon off because there's something you'd rather do than work. Department stores won't laugh it off if you forget to pay your bills.

We know that your parents believe they're doing their best for you. They're simply misdirected. And there's a reason for it. Father may have had a struggle in life. Maybe he was denied an education or had to work so hard for it that he missed the fun of being young. Now his greatest ambition is to see that you have all the good things he missed. So he makes it easy for you. He doesn't want you, his daughter, to work after school or during the summer. He doesn't want brother to struggle for a "good" job later in life, so he builds up a business that son can walk right into after college. He's all for handing out success, ready-made.

But father's early experience is blinding him. He is giving you only half a loaf, just as he had only half a loaf. His was all difficulty. Yours is

all ease. But what you and everyone needs is a balanced diet to grow strong and happy on.

Then there's mother. Perhaps she wasn't as pretty and popular as some of the girls. Perhaps her family was poor and she rarely had the thrill of a new dress. It's easy to understand why she is willing to scrape and squeeze, so that you, her daughter, can get all the glamour out of life that she missed. For in a way, mother is trying to relive her youth through you. Alas, it can't be done, and her heavy dose of kindness may merely clog up your life.

Obviously we're not talking about parents who help you out of an occasional, innocent jam—who sympathize when you don't make the basketball team, who hand out some extra cash once in a while when you've burnt up your weekly stipend in a day. We're talking about parents who take all the starch out of you by trying to make your life one long feather bed.

What can any of us do about these confused, well-meaning parents? We—and you—can encourage mother to be more kind to herself and not overly kind to you. You can startle dad by telling him that from now on you'll fight your own battles, get out of your own scrapes. You can explain that, although you're grateful for his help and generosity, you'd like to stretch your own muscles a bit. He and mother may be momentarily hurt (because the protector loves his role), but once they're over the shock, they'll be awfully proud of you. And you'll be proud of yourself.

*Airplanes from the ground up*

# *He Put Intelligence*

By

FRANK CUNNINGHAM

## *Into a Kite!*

Condensed from the *St. Joseph Magazine*\*

**I**N South Bend, Ind., in 1883, a senior at Notre Dame read a paper before the Notre Dame Scientific association treating of the probable trends that aviation might take. In 1883 aviation was still in the balloon stage. Otto Lilienthal, now known as the father of gliding, and Percy Pilcher, the famous English gliderman, had not commenced their flights. The Wrights would not glide until around 1900 and the first successful airplane flight had yet to come to Kitty Hawk, in 1903.

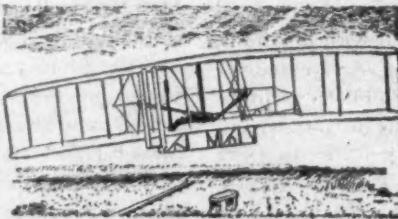
The student's name was Albert Francis Zahm. In his paper and in an article on flying machines written for the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, he said, "It is a well known fact that sailing birds never need to flap their wings when there is a strong wind; nay, they can go directly against the wind by the power previously acquired from it. Put intelligence into a kite or a sheet of foolscap and it can do the same thing." And that is exactly what Zahm did.

Dr. Zahm, from 1929 to July, 1946, Chief of the Division of Aeronautics (Guggenheim

Chair), Library of Congress, has done as much as anyone in the world to advance the science of aeronautics. The development of the airplane and the airship is based on an engineering cornerstone which Dr. Zahm helped lay. Without the early pioneering he and his associates did at Notre Dame and the Catholic University of America in Washington, D. C., the progress made by such builders as the Wright brothers, Douglas, Curtiss, and Martin would have been slower and America's position of world leadership in aviation delayed.

Today at 85, Dr. Zahm lives, as he has since 1919, at the Cosmos club in Washington. The young folk with whom he likes to associate have only a faint conception of the man's contribution to aviation. And people who see him at Constitution hall where he attends the symphonies regularly may be too concerned with jet planes and flying hotels to realize adequately Dr. Zahm's place in pioneering aviation. Furthermore, he can't even drive a car.

Born in New



\**St. Benedict, Ore.* February, 1948.

Lexington, Ohio, young Zahm moved to Huntington, Ind., with his parents in 1863. After graduation from Notre Dame, Zahm joined the faculty, and in 1888 made flights in a glider of his own construction over the campus and the dunes near Michigan City. Today Zahm recalls how, before his successful glides, he had sent out gliders from chairs and benches. From those he progressed to the roof of the Notre Dame science building.

Dr. Zahm was probably the second man in the U. S. to conquer the air in the heavier-than-air field. John Montgomery, later a professor at Santa Clara university, is credited with being the first American to fly—in his own glider near San Diego in 1883.

Notre Dame honored Zahm on the 50th anniversary of his first successful glider flights. A special air-mail cachet was designed by Prof. Stanley S. Sessler, head of the university's fine-arts department, for use at the Notre Dame post office. This cachet carried the date "May 1888" and the words "First Glider Experiment at Notre Dame—Professor Albert Zahm."

By 1892, Zahm was acting as head of the department of mechanical engineering at South Bend and he had built many aircraft models which flew when launched. That year he received his M.E. from Cornell with his thesis, of course, on aviation. Six years later he was to get his Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins with a thesis on aerodynamics. He went to Catholic U. in 1895, where he took charge of mechanics, including aerodynamic research.

The first Aeronautical Congress held in the U. S. met at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. It was organized by Zahm and Octave Chanute, one of the greatest of the early flyers and inventors. The meeting was patterned after an aeronautical conference held at the Paris Exposition in 1889. Chanute was chairman. A full report on pioneer aviation experiments was given. Among the distinguished scientists present was Samuel P. Langley, who read his famous paper on "The Internal Work of the Wind." Zahm's paper was titled "Stability of Aeroplanes and Flying Machines."

Zahm realized that what aeronautical development needed was an adequate wind tunnel for tests. Francis Herbert Wenham, founder of the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain, had built the first wind tunnel in 1871, a wooden trunk 18 inches square, ten feet long, with an airspeed of 40 miles an hour. Around 1897, Paul La Cour, in Denmark, used wind tunnels for windmill research. The Wrights had a small wind tunnel at Dayton, Ohio, and there was one in the Washington navy yard.

After the turn of the century, Zahm had his own wind tunnel constructed on the Catholic university campus. Mr. N. H. Randers-Pehrson, former assistant chief of the Division of Aeronautics, Library of Congress (he resigned in 1946), says, "Dr. Zahm's tunnel was the first complete wind tunnel laboratory equipped with instruments capable of exact measurement."

Over the world man was pushing his way upward. In France, Clement Ader with his *Avion* had been one of the foremost pioneers and in England Sir Hiram Maxim had been building large unsuccessful aeroplanes. But the curtain which had veiled man's efforts to fly was being inched open. More and more intellect was being merged with the kite.

The ill-fated Professor Langley, the Wright brothers, Glenn Curtiss were among the visitors to Zahm's laboratory, where they observed the effects of air currents on all types of surfaces. Some of the world's most valuable and basic experiments in aerodynamics were made on the Catholic university campus.

As early as 1903, Dr. Zahm tested a streamlined aeroplane body which he had designed when he was at Notre Dame. This plane had a cabin with wheels, a tractor propeller and modern control elements, rudder, elevator and ailerons. The cockpit was enclosed and the plane had side doors and windows. Similar torpedo forms were adopted for airships built in Germany, though these were based in part on tests made at Goettingen university's wind tunnel, erected in 1908, the same year the experiments were stopped at Catholic university because of lack of adequate funds.

The fulfillment of Zahm's dream of an aeronautical laboratory had been made possible by Hugo Mattullath, inventor of a giant twin-hulled flying boat, and head of the National Transit company. Dr. Zahm was consulting

engineer for the company. After the death of Mattullath in 1902 and the abandonment of the flying-boat project, the Smithsonian Institution and Carnegie Institute made financial grants to Zahm so that his experiments could be carried on.

In the unimpressive frame building, Zahm and his associates tore out the secrets of the air. Their tunnel was six feet square and 40 feet long, with windows in ceiling and walls. A 12-horse-power electric motor drove a five-foot suction fan so that wind was drawn through the tunnel at 27 miles an hour. Layers of cheese cloth covered the intake end to line up the wind.

Doctor Zahm studied instruments of his own design showing the character of airflow and its action on models. The models ranged from a monoplane sent by Emile Berliner to a stuffed buzzard sent by Zahm's friend Octave Chanute. According to Randers-Pehrson, "tests were also made on various spindle- and fish-shaped bodies, establishing the best form of airship hulls and giving, for the first time, the reason why the now universally accepted torpedo shape is preferable. The resistance of wires, struts, wings and other airplane parts was studied."

It was at Catholic university that the observation was made, "it is thoroughly established that the head resistance encountered by an object moving through the air is not as great as hitherto supposed, but that a large part of the resistance is skin-friction."

The closing of the Catholic U. laboratory did not deter Zahm from his

work. The university had been the first school in the world to have an aeronautical laboratory, and it set the pattern for other schools to follow. There, as early as 1900, Dr. Zahm had set forth ideas on airship construction which are still used.

The airship was in greater vogue in the past than it is at present. Count Zeppelin, who had served in the Union army in the Civil war, had constructed the first successful rigid airship, the LZ-1, in 1900, a craft capable of making a speed of nine miles an hour. Glenn Curtiss had built the engine for Captain Baldwin's early American airship, the *California Arrow*. And around 1909 Walter Wellman was making plans to fly the Atlantic in the airship *America*. This he later attempted, and after three days and 1,000 miles was rescued at sea by the conventional steamship.

When the British navy built its initial rigid airship around 1909, the form of bow and stern known as the "Zahm shape" was used. Dr. Zahm's designs reduced the drag to 40% of that of the standard design. The Zahm shape held its place through the years and was used on the R34, first airship to cross the Atlantic, the *Graf Zeppelin*, and the American queens of the sky, the *Shenandoah* and the *Los Angeles*.

With his work at Catholic U. finished, after a short time as lecturer in graduate mechanics at the U. S. Bureau of Standards, Dr. Zahm took the opportunity to write a history of aeronautics, which was published in 1910. According to the Division of Aero-

nautics, Library of Congress, "it proved the fallacy of the vacuum balloon, advocated cloud and thermal soaring, indicated the stratosphere as ideal for great airplane voyages, and showed that a balloon can easily be navigated there by a pilot in an airtight suit or car supplied with oxygen or fresh air under adequate pressure. This anticipated the later pressure cabins for stratosphere travel."

After his book had been published, Dr. Zahm became active in promoting various aviation projects. With General Allen and others he organized the Aero club of Washington. Many aviation articles of his were published and he served on President Taft's committee to prepare recommendations for a national aeronautical laboratory, later to become the NACA. He also became secretary of the newly formed Langley aerodynamical laboratory. His lecture work took him to San Diego where he appeared before the army aviation school.

Early in 1914, at the suggestion of Doctor Zahm and others, Glenn Curtiss had agreed to test the Langley *Aerodrome*, which had failed to fly in 1903 and so deprived the brilliant professor of beating the Wrights off the ground. The Smithsonian had long contended that the Langley plane was capable of flying, and that its failure had been due to faulty launching. Dr. Zahm and Professor Charles M. Manly, originally Langley's assistant, supervised the operation. On July 1, 1914, Glenn Curtiss lifted the rebuilt—but not redesigned—Langley plane off the

water. This broke open anew the longest and most heated controversy in aviation history: whether the first flight honors should go to Langley or the Wrights.

Some 20 days later, Curtiss, who had gone from motorcycles to planes, christened his *America*, a brilliant red 35-foot flying boat. For the occasion Dr. Zahm turned literary and wrote a poem. Later the praises of Curtiss were to be sung by the throbbing motors of American naval planes over land and water, for Curtiss will live in aviation's history as the pioneer of naval aviation.

Perhaps it was the knowledge that Curtiss was the first to take off from land on water—and that he had won the Gordon Bennett cup for the U. S. in 1909 at Rheims in an untried plane—that inspired Zahm to learn to fly. And historic Lake Keuka, N. Y., where he took his lessons, was a place filled with dramatic moments in aviation. From this lake in 1908 the famous Curtiss *Red Wing*, built by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell and his Aerial Experiment association, flew in what Bell called "the first public exhibition of a heavier-than-air machine in America."

Alongside of Francis Waldman, chief instructor for Curtiss, Dr. Zahm rode at the dual controls of the flying boat. After the flight, teacher Waldman commented, "You're an apt pupil and should master the art of flying quickly."

Zahm smiled, replied, "I don't believe that I'm going to make a natural flyer, but I will try my best."

Frankly, Zahm liked flying on paper better than flying in the heavens. He learned to fly, but he never did seek a license. Later in 1914, he took over as chief research engineer for the Curtiss Co.

The great engineer and pioneer who didn't desire to solo himself helped introduce the ship which trained a majority of the American and Canadian pilots in the 1st World War. With Glenn Curtiss and Douglas Thomas, an Englishman, Dr. Zahm designed the famous JN-4 or *Jenny*. At Curtiss, Zahm organized and directed the company's aerotechnical laboratories, making possible improvements in the famous Curtiss ships.

Dr. Zahm left Curtiss in 1917 to take charge of the U. S. Navy Aerodynamic Laboratory, a place he held until 1930. While there he devised measuring instruments and with the aid of the technical staff conducted tests and research. Over 400 reports were made by Dr. Zahm and many of these were published by the NACA and the *Journal of Franklin Institute*.

A description of the various instruments would interest only aeronautical engineers, but the use to which these instruments were put has meant better and safer flying for all of us. Dr. Zahm never lost interest in design, and put two revolutionary planes on paper: an airplane with autorotating airscrews instead of wings, and a hovering airplane adapted to rise vertically from rest and fly horizontally.

When Dr. Zahm left the Navy aerodynamics laboratory he became chief

of the Division of Aeronautics in the Library of Congress. There he was surrounded with aeronautical literature from over the world.

His duties in the library post were the procurement and servicing of this aggregation of air facts and, in turn, interpreting this knowledge to readers, while at the same time giving technical assistance and promoting new research. While at the library, Dr. Zahm published many important aerotechnical papers.

Notre Dame honored its distinguished graduate in 1925 by presenting him with the Laetare medal and, five years

later, Villanova presented him with the Mendel medal.

Aeronautics and its development is still Dr. Zahm's main interest. He has been one of the major intellects behind the aviation headlines of yesterday. His has been among the foremost brains which have seen to it that airplane controls were safe.

In the years since 1883 at Notre Dame, he has given the pioneers of flying and plane building a key which has opened up the heavens, and let man and commerce take wings. In his own words, he has put intelligence into a kite.

What are those?

## When a Nun Travels

By SISTER MAUREEN FLYNN,  
O.P.

Condensed from *Our Sunday Visitor*\*

TRAVELING, especially for Americans, is nothing unusual—they're always going some place or coming back. But traveling as a Sister is different.

During each of my four years at Art School I traveled about 20,000 miles on street cars, El's and trains. Most of the hours on cars were spent in read-



ing, although sometimes I prayed or had cat naps or chatted with my companion or just looked out the windows.

I've often wondered if people knew how much we appreciated their kindnesses. Car conductors, trainmen and public officials in general were consistently courteous to us. Men and women, who must have been very tired

after long days of hard work, quickly gave us their places in streetcars and patiently stood holding the straps. Sometimes in restaurants we were told that someone had paid for our meals. There was no chance to thank anyone because we didn't know whom to thank. A grateful prayer had to follow the good Samaritan on his way.

Many times strangers would introduce themselves and stop to talk—some, no doubt, through curiosity; others, because they wanted companionship or had Sister friends or relatives. One evening when we were in the midst of our Friday 200-mile ride home from Chicago to Springfield, a middle-aged lady stopped at our seat on the train, introduced herself, and asked if she could talk to us for a while. She explained, "I never saw a Sister laugh before—you were laughing, weren't you?" Before she left we had learned of her home, family and interests; and she had assured us that she was glad she had followed the impulse to have that first talk with a Sister.

In cold, windy, slushy weather, rush-hour streetcars in downtown Chicago are more crowded than the Old Woman's shoe. People hang on to them, defying all laws of gravity. On this particular evening the weather was most unpleasant. Even the platform and steps of the car were jammed full. Somebody on the outside called "All right!" The conductor signaled the motorman, and we jerked forward. Passengers swayed, then gradually, one by one, they edged into the in-

terior of the tightly packed streetcar.

But the slow procession stopped. A crank with none too clean thumb was sorting out in the palm of his hand the amount of his fare, penny by penny. The conductor lost patience, and burst out with sharp words. Finally the man moved on followed by other passengers; and then came the two Sisters. I started to pay our fares, but the conductor asked me to wait until he had collected the fares of those behind us. Then taking off his cap he said, "I've had a hard day today, Sister, but I shouldn't have let my temper get the best of me." As he transferred change from his pocket to his coin-belt he added, "That's all right now, I've paid your fares. Just pray for me so I can control my temper when things like that happen—and I'm sorry you had to listen to me."

Everybody seemed to be going some place to spend Christmas. Coaches were filled long before the train left Chicago. A little family of five came puffing into the train, showing evidence of a long, strenuous shopping day. All were laden with packages. The bundled-up children came staggering down the aisle, partly under their own power, but sometimes emphatically encouraged by a parental shove or two. The little girl in the lead, about ten, acknowledged my meant-to-be friendly gesture indicating the vacant seat next to me, and slid into it mutely. Someone up front had relinquished his place and as many as possible of the others were piling into that space. But alas! just when they and all

their paraphernalia were settled, the mother spied her child beside me. With speed and determination she descended upon us, literally snatched the surprised little girl from her place and said with unmistakable meaning, "You can't sit with *her!*" And I instantly became an unwilling center of attention.

Since to cross the street at the intersection of State and Madison in Chicago in the pre-Christmas season is pretty much a matter of survival of the fittest, a mere nudge at my elbow caused me no surprise. It was only afterward that I remembered someone had tried to attract my attention. As we stepped to the curb, a young man, well dressed, put himself in front of me, raised his hat and said hurriedly, with a great deal of suppressed feeling, "Sister, please pray for me. Pray for me now." He disappeared immediately into the crowd. I can still see his serious, disturbed face. And I still pray for him sometimes.

They say that when man bites dog it is news. Two children with a huge German police dog who met us on the street one day must have expected some such news. The dog, as big as a pony, came rapidly toward us with every indication that he would relish two such morsels. Religious decorum said we should go modestly and serenely on our way. Instinct told us to run.

We compromised and moved forward heroically, close together and far to the right. Imagine our astonishment when the children, panic stricken, stopped dead in their tracks and screamed shrilly to the dog, "Come back, Come back! They'll get you!" Fortunately, theirs was an obedient dog.

Once a woman stopped to ask "What are you?"—and seemingly meant no offense. A little boy in a museum turned from the case at which he had been looking with great interest, pointed a small finger at us and said, "Look, Daddy, what are those?" Another time someone asked, "Are you a part of this exhibit?" And an overly enthusiastic salesman at a trinket booth generously offered me a large percentage of the proceeds if I would just stand behind the counter to attract attention.

During the last of those four years—which was the only time I kept count—I read 67 technical books, others not included. But now as I recall those long hours on trains and streetcars, it isn't the printed matter over which I worked and worried that comes to my mind, but the little insignificant happenings. They lasted only a minute or two—yet sometimes I wonder if they should be called insignificant.

Anyhow, I think it must be different to travel as a Sister.



**I**t is rumored that Russia is to erect memorials to the sailors who wanted Columbus to turn back before he discovered America.

*Passing Variety* quoted in the *Irish Digest* (Feb. '48).

MAKE YOUR FOOD DOLLARS WORK  
*The best costs least*

## Make Your Food Dollars Work

By AGNES LEE COMCOWICH



**M**ARY, please eat your dinner. Food is so expensive; you must keep well; and think of all the starving children in Europe." The familiar words express the whole problem: we must like our food; it must keep us well; we must be able to afford it; we must not waste it.

The simplest approach to the problem is to select from the several foods that are top ranking nutritionally, and comparatively low in price, the ones that are best liked, and to serve them often.

In today's market, for a moderate income, one might expect to spend \$4 to \$5 per person per week for food, but the nutritionist can serve perfect meals at still lower cost. The catch is little variety and a cultivated taste for a few key foods. However, many think they spend more money for food than they actually do because other items purchased at the grocery store, paper towels, soap, dog food, cigarettes, come on the same bill.

Some of the foods worth the money are milk (fresh, evaporated, or dried), liver, pork, grade B eggs, potatoes, cabbage and the dark green leafy vegetables, carrots, whole-wheat bread, oatmeal, peas, beans and the other legumes, molasses, oranges, and the

*Mrs. Comcowich, mother of five, was nutrition consultant of the Westchester County, N.Y., health department in 1946, and in 1942-45 was director of the nutrition service of the Westchester County Red Cross chapter.*

canned citrus-fruit juices, and canned tomatoes.

The rewards are great for selecting foods on the basis of enjoyment; protein, mineral, and vitamin content; and cost.

The higher-priced milks that have more cream, or that are homogenized, are not worth the extra cent or two a quart, not even for the baby. Some persons dislike the characteristic taste of evaporated milk, but it comes from caramelized milk sugar, just like candy. Dry skim milk is the biggest bargain in the food market today. It costs 6¢ to make the equivalent of a quart of fresh skim milk. Add some margarine to the vegetables, and you are even with bottled milk in food value.

Liver positively has everything, particularly beef and pig's liver, because mature animals have lived long enough to have stored up large supplies of iron to add to the other minerals, protein, and vitamins present in all livers. If one does not enjoy liver,

the chances are that it has been ruined by overcooking.

The old teaching on pork has been reversed. Formerly pork was permitted by dieticians only in very small amounts, and seldom, on the theory that its large fat content was difficult to digest. Now it is known to be the only common food from which one may obtain a day's quota of thiamin in one serving. Because it is the most important of the muscle meats, it should be given to healthy children from an early age. Concerning meats in general, boiled beef, or hamburger, is as good nutritionally as sirloin steak.

For eggs, the rule is an egg a day, if the budget permits. The minimum is three eggs each week for each member of the family, with extra ones going to the pregnant or nursing mothers, preschool children, and adolescent boys and girls, particularly the girls. The nutritive value of grade *B* eggs is exactly the same as the higher-priced ones, and only persons raised on farms can really tell the difference in taste. Color of shell makes no difference.

No one can score 100% on any diet that does not include potatoes, not even a reducing diet. A medium-sized potato has no more calories than an apple or orange; it is what goes on the potatoes that gives them the bad reputation. Ten years ago babies had to have baked potatoes daily; more recent arrivals are given potatoes boiled in their jackets. Baked potatoes are a trifle easier to digest, but boiling, being quicker, preserves more of the *B* vitamins. Low-income diets should

include potatoes at ten meals a week.

It makes no difference whether cabbage is raw or cooked: 50% of the vitamin C is lost in cooking, but one can ordinarily eat twice as much cabbage if it is cooked. If we eat out, the chances are that as much as 90% of that vitamin in cooked vegetables is lost in the steam tables. The better choice is raw vegetables.

Attention, gardeners. Kale is tops. One serving will supply enough iron and vitamin A to last an adult three days. It is easy to grow, and is among both first and last crops harvested. Frozen spinach is the one frozen food on the list of best buys. The cheapest carrots are the best, and those are the big fellows, dark in color, purchased more often by the pound than by the bunch. They should be as staple as bread, milk, and potatoes.

Enriched white bread is good but whole-wheat is better. Bread and margarine, or bread and peanut butter, are everyday fare, and rightly so. Sweet buns and coffee cake must never take their place. The least advertised cereal ranks best in health-giving qualities and in economy; no one sings the praises of oatmeal enough. A little more salt in the cooking, and some top milk to serve with it may make it more popular.

From among a group of similar foods, choose the one that is best liked, and have that more often. It may be split-pea soup, rather than baked beans, that is the favorite. The rule says to serve legumes two to three times a week. That is easy when

enough food is prepared at one time.

Molasses is the only sweet that gives one much more than calories. How about bread and molasses, molasses on French toast, and griddle cakes, gingerbread rich with molasses? Recently a pediatrician prescribed a tablespoonful daily to be taken routinely like fish-liver oil.

Now last, but not least, the vitamin C foods. We cannot store them in our bodies. It is better to have one orange today, and another tomorrow, rather than two today. It takes four apples,

and more pears than that, to equal an orange. Canned orange, grapefruit, or blended juices cost much less than the fresh fruit, and are every bit as good for us. Tomato juice may be substituted in double the quantity, and if money is no object, drink three times the amount of pineapple juice.

Many foods are not worth nutritionally the money paid for them. If you can't "eat what you want after you have eaten what you should," in these days of high food prices, simply eat more of what you should.



### *A Protestant Viewpoint*

**E**DUCATED Protestants have never seen a bogey in the Catholic Church. They do not see the whole American Constitution imperiled by a little parochial-school pupil riding free in a public bus or a personal representative of the President of the U. S. visiting the Vatican.

One such wrote very much to the point some years ago, "The Catholic Church has marched for 1,500 years at the head of civilization, and has harnessed to her chariot, as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual forces of the world; her greatness, her glory, her grandeur and majesty, have been almost, though not absolutely, all in these respects the world has to boast of. Her children are more numerous than all the chil-

dren of the sects combined; she is every day enlarging the boundaries of her vast empire; her altars are raised in every clime and her missionaries are to be found wherever there are men to be taught the evangel of immortality and souls to be saved. And this wondrous Church which is as old as Christianity and as universal as mankind is today, after its 20 centuries of age, as fresh and vigorous, and fruitful, as on the day the Pentecostal fires were showered upon the earth."

The writer was William E. Gladstone, a prime minister of England and one of the world's great thinkers. His thoughts, put into words, are in pleasing contrast to the words of enemies of the Church who have not learned to think.

*Love in exile*

# PULASKI

By

RUTH OSWALD



*in the U. S.*

Condensed from  
the *Vincentian*\*

AMERICANS have never forgotten the part Count Casimir Pulaski took in the winning of their independence. This year marks the 200th anniversary of his birth, and Congress has received many plans for properly commemorating the event.

Pulaski's men fought many an epic encounter in the American Revolution. They helped lift the siege of Charleston. When Savannah was threatened, they rode to its rescue. It was while riding toward the French lines across the British line of fire that Pulaski was struck and fell from his horse. His men carried him from the field. The doctors could do little. He was placed on board the *Wasp* and consigned to a hospital in Charleston. But young Pulaski was never to achieve his dream of returning to Poland in triumph. He died on board.

With its flag at half mast, the *Wasp* pulled into Charleston harbor. Washington himself could not have been more grievously mourned. The city was plunged into grief. Soon all the nation bowed its head in memory of a great man, who had come to America to fight for liberty.

Pulaski had just been freed from a debtor's prison in Paris when he heard

of Benjamin Franklin's mission to France to recruit men and money to carry on the American fight for freedom. Here was adventure! To fight for liberty might help to assuage Pulaski's gnawing pain of injustice. He was a fugitive from his beloved Poland.

Pulaski offered his services to Franklin, who gladly accepted them. He had heard of Pulaski's military skill. He paid the young Pole's passage to America and gave him recommendations to General Washington. Although the Colonies were glad to receive such a celebrated recruit, his position in America was never an easy one. But he proved his courage at the battle of Brandywine and at Valley Forge endured all the privations of the agonizing winter. He also learned that there were politics in America, and envy, and jealousy, just as in Poland. Unable to come to terms with some of his fellow officers, Pulaski petitioned Congress for permission to form a legion of his own under his sole command to be recruited from European deserters from the various mercenary units of the British army. He understood such men and they understood European military procedures.

Congress granted the petition, but

failed to provide any money. Pulaski was forced to draw upon funds sent him from his father's estate in Poland by his mother. Thus, he not only gave his services but sacrificed his personal fortune in the fight for American freedom.

This was the second Legion of Pulaski. And this time he was fighting a king who could not reach out and punish him. For when he had left Poland, he was in flight from his sovereign. His exile had come about thus.

Our Lady's treasure at the Polish shrine of Czestochowa had grown to such proportions that envious Russians came to seize it.

"Neither you nor Queen Catherine have any right to the gifts which pilgrims have given to our Lady. You shall not have one cent of it," the abbot replied, as he slammed the door.

"We will come back and we will take what we want," shouted the leader of the mob as he rode away.

"The monastery could be defended," the doorkeeper said wistfully. "We have a strategic position. This was a fortress at one time."

"We can hope for nothing from our puppet king," the abbot replied. "He will do nothing to oppose Catherine. When the Russians return, we are lost. Return they will; for they have been threatening a long time, and the blow is sure to fall this time."

The abbot spoke truly. King Stanislaus August knew that his throne depended on the might of Catherine and he would do nothing to defend the

treasures of Our Lady of Czestochowa.

But a courier was riding hard to the border. Count Casimir Pulaski, a rebel patriot, member of the Knights of the Cross, listened to his news. Czestochowa was threatened. How could any red-blooded Pole stand aside and permit such a sacrilege? Stanislaus August and his minions might stand helplessly aside; Pulaski would not. He would accept Catherine's challenge. He had a thousand men. They were well trained, well mounted, courageous, superbly led. They had had many a skirmish with Catherine's troops.

Pulaski's life had been devoted to Polish liberty from his 16th year, when his father founded the Knights of the Cross to liberate Poland. Though they failed in their dream and other rebel leaders fell by the wayside, Casimir Pulaski fought on. His band struck wherever injustice was done. No one ever knew when it would strike, or where. No one knew the secret of its headquarters.

Pulaski's men had all taken the oath to resist until "the holy Catholic faith, freedom, ancient rights, and ancestral freedoms should be secured, with the Republic completely quiet at home and abroad." Pulaski's father Josef and a Carmelite priest had written the oath very carefully when they founded the Knights of the Cross.

Pulaski headed for Czestochowa, which stood on a low hill, surrounded with a lofty wall of earth, moat, towers, and bastions, approached by drawbridges. His men entered the monas-

tery and prepared for its defense, after going to confession, attending Mass, and receiving Communion.

It was on New Year's eve, 1770, when the Russians arrived. Three columns moved against the holy place. To their utter astonishment, there was organized, military resistance. One of the attackers caught sight of the defenders, and soon the awed word, "Pulaski's legion," was passed down the line.

The Russians were repulsed. Their losses stood at 1,460 men, while the Poles lost 25. Our Lady's treasure was saved when the Russian forces broke and fled in panic. Never had a victory been more complete. At last Poland had risen and struck in its own defense. Felicitations poured in from all over the world. A *Te Deum* was chanted in the monastery. Pulaski be-

came the man of the hour. Poland had a leader to challenge Catherine. In Moscow a discredited queen smarted, and swore a mighty revenge.

But it was a short-lived triumph for Pulaski. Several hare-brained rebels, without Pulaski's knowledge, not even under his command, kidnaped King Stanislaus August, and then, losing their nerve, let him go. To escape punishment, they threw the guilt of the expedition upon Pulaski, who protested his innocence in vain. The death sentence was passed, to be executed as soon as he was captured. No country in Europe would grant Pulaski sanctuary. All were ruled by kings, and kings stood together for their own good against their subjects. Pulaski became an outcast, fleeing in secret from one country to another, finally reaching Paris, where Franklin found him.



### *Any Time?*

Do you want to do something truly worth while for yourself? Introduce the CATHOLIC DIGEST to your friends and neighbors and earn money at the same time. If you have any spare time, even an hour a day, write for the new, easy sales plan: CATHOLIC DIGEST, 41 Eighth Street, St. Paul, 2, Minnesota.

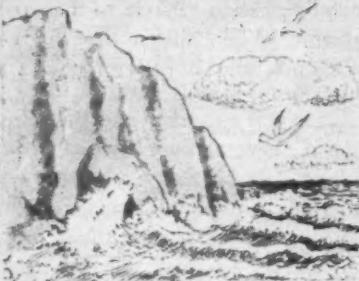
*Name*.....

*Street or R. F. D.*.....

*City*..... *Zone*..... *State*.....

*Parish*.....

But see *Genesis 9:13-16*



# The Tides

By FERDINAND C. LANE  
Condensed chapter of a book\*

JULIUS CAESAR, facing the Atlantic from the northern coast of France, was amazed at "that vast and open sea with its strong tides." From the nearly tideless Mediterranean to St. Malo's maximum range of 39 feet was indeed a startling change. Elsewhere he complained because the "tides had rushed in from the main ocean, which always happens twice in twelve hours," a careless error on the part of the great conqueror. Herodotus, in his wanderings, was impressed by an arm of the Red sea, where "every day the tide ebbs and flows." Numerous other allusions to the subject have survived from antiquity.

The Chinese, Arabs, and Norsemen knew something of the tides, but little of what caused them. They even

thought them the "breathing of the earth monster," a not unnatural supposition. Caesar came near the truth when he wrote of Britain, "It happened that night to be full moon, which usually occasions very high tides in those oceans." Pliny stated the case more correctly by giving credit to both sun and moon, but it remained for Sir Isaac Newton to solve the riddle in his law of gravitation: every particle of matter attracts every other particle directly with its mass and inversely with the square of the distance.

Although in mass the sun is 27 million times greater than the moon, its distance from the earth is nearly 390 times greater, and 390 squared is a formidable figure. Proximity proving more potent than mass, the moon's influence is more than twice that of the sun's, or in the ratio 2.17 to 1.

The tides are exceedingly complex, involving many mathematical formulas, yet they manifest simply the pull of the moon and sun upon our planet. While the crust of the earth yields but slightly, the more volatile waters hump up toward the moon, flatten out on the sides, and hump up again on the opposite sector of the globe. These world-wide oscillations maintain a steadfast rhythm so that, should gravity suddenly cease, they would continue with diminishing magnitude for many days. As the moon's period of revolution is nearly 28 days, while there are but 24 hours in the day, the times of high and low water shift progressively at any given locality. Nor,

\*The Mysterious Sea. Copyright 1947 by Ferdinand C. Lane. Reprinted by permission of Doubleday & Co., Inc., 14 W. 49th St., New York City, 20. 335 pp. \$3.

strictly speaking, are there two tides daily, but rather two in 24 hours, 50 minutes, 38 seconds.

The moon and sun are not always in harmony. Now they pull together; now at cross-purposes. At full moon, when they are on opposite sides of the globe, occur those high-course tides which astronomers call spring tides. Two weeks later, when both are on the same side, we have a similar situation, although their combined pull is not then so pronounced. In between are periods when they are dragging at right angles to cause what fishermen call low-course and scientists call neap tides.

If the globe were one vast sea, two orderly waves would girdle it in a little over 24 hours. How high those waves would be is conjectural, for there is no accurate method of measuring tidal altitudes in mid-ocean. Yet isolated islands furnish a clue. In Tahiti the rise is only a foot, in Hawaii about two. In the Azores and St. Helena it varies from one and a half to three feet.

This mighty rhythm, however, is disrupted by the intrusion of land masses. In mid-ocean, tidal waters merely bob up and down or indulge in a vast merry-go-round; near shore, disturbed levels set up powerful currents. Hence variations in both time and altitude may be considerable. In Chesapeake bay the time of high water varies nearly 12 hours from one locality to another, or nearly as much as should occur from voyaging halfway around the globe.

Tides are also influenced by the moon's position relative to the earth's equator. When she is directly overhead, morning and evening tides are roughly the same, but let the moon swing north or south of the equator and the balance is upset. Then either the morning or evening tide is noticeably higher.

In certain places the flood tide is interrupted by a temporary ebb, only to be resumed for a new maximum. But still queerer things occur. At Manila there is but one tide a day instead of the customary two. A similar situation prevails in certain localities along the China sea, on the Alaskan coast, the Gulf of Mexico, and a few other places. There are localities where a single tide daily is the usual though not invariable program.

Sometimes, because of her eccentric orbit, the moon increases her tidal pull by approaching several thousand miles nearer the earth. This is noticeable along the eastern coast of Canada.

The Panama canal well illustrates how land masses create tidal inequalities. The Atlantic side generally has but one tide daily, with a usual range of less than a foot, a maximum height under three feet. The Pacific end of the canal has the customary two tides with an average rise of over 12 feet, an extreme altitude of more than 20.

There is an amazing thrust of the tides in narrowing straits or bays. Magellan was dismayed by a 40-foot tide at the mouth of the strait that he discovered; Captain Cook by a 30-foot rise in Cook inlet, Alaska. Some

great seaports are subject to abnormal fluctuations. I once observed the *Baltic*, then the largest liner afloat, steam proudly up the Mersey river to Liverpool, only to stick fast in the mud when the tide ebbed nearly 30 feet.

At Noel bay, Nova Scotia, according to H. A. Marmer, official measurements record a maximum tide of 50.5 feet, although Moncton citizens, claiming to have the highest tides on earth, assured me these had risen in their river inlet to 72 feet. On Fundy shores one may observe a three-masted schooner, stranded on a steep shingle beach, float away on the next high water.

The moon is not invariably the major cause of tides. At Tahiti the solar influence predominates, as it does along the southern coast of Australia. Nor are tides exclusively marine. Lake Superior experiences a surface variation of several inches. Even some wells have tides, a phenomenon noted by the elder Pliny at Gades and other regions. The artesian well at Longport, N. J., which is 805 feet deep with a six-inch bore, shows a daily tidal range of over two feet. Moreover, those mysterious aberrations called seiches introduce further complications. These were first observed in Alpine lakes in 1730. In October, 1841, the waters on one shore of Lake Geneva actually rose over six feet.

Seiches are not confined to lakes, for they also occur in semienclosed arms of the sea. They appear to be gigantic tremors occurring at regular intervals. They were first attributed to changes

in barometric pressure, certainly a contributory cause. But the layman may understand them better if he recalls how difficult it is to carry a large panful of water without spilling. Similar oscillations swing back and forth across many bays and inlets.

Other spectacular phenomena may occur. At St. John's, New Brunswick, the river, rushing through a narrow gorge in a series of rapids, is reversed by the influx of a 20-foot tide. I found it thrilling, after some hours' wait, to see a boatman careening up the river, merely steering his craft on the crest of the inrushing sea.

Lord Kelvin invented the first tide-predicting machine, based upon principles still recognized as standard. At Washington the intricate mechanism maintained by the Coast and Geodetic Survey can forecast tides anywhere on earth a year in advance, an operation which requires about seven hours. The theory involved is simple. The lunar pull is first examined as though it were the only one. The crest of this tidal wave usually follows some distance behind the passage of the moon across the meridian, a "time lag" which may amount to several hours. In some localities, however, the tidal crest seems to precede rather than follow the moon. This time variation, whatever it may be, is known for every required locality. The pull of the sun is then plotted and the two combined in a chart which records all the aberrations which occur when our celestial neighbors are working together or at cross-purposes. Allow-

ance is also made for local eccentricities and the whole elaborate computation appears in nautical almanacs and the daily press.

Atmospheric disturbances, however, work havoc with such predictions. Barometric pressure may alter the tidal level a foot or more by changing the weight of the superimposed air; hence in low-pressure storms tides are correspondingly high. Winds are even more potent and indeterminate. An offshore wind can hold back the tide; a seaward gale sends it roaring shoreward. The hurricane of September, 1938, raised water levels in Narragansett bay more than ten feet to flood the downtown section of the city of Providence.

Most interesting of tidal phenomena from a long-range viewpoint is their retarding influence upon the earth's rotation. They act as a gigantic brake. True, global mass and momentum are so prodigious that tidal inertia seems like an attempt to arrest a moving auto wheel by brushing it with a feather, but over endless time such a cumulative force will at last prevail.

When the moon had newly sepa-

rated from earth, the tides in the infant oceans must have been terrific. Our day, so astronomers believe, was then but four hours long. During the intervening aeons, that day has increased to 24 hours, and the moon retreated to the safe distance of approximately 238,000 miles. But the program will continue, so many astronomers predict, until the day equals our present lunar month and the moon itself is drawn back to a dangerous proximity. All this would introduce alarming and doubtless deadly climatic changes, even if both worlds escaped destruction by final collision.

Slowly but inexorably the great clock of diurnal time is running down. Instruments which are the last word in mechanical accuracy indicate that our day is lengthening by one thousandth of a second in a century. Such atoms of time might appear negligible until we reflect that they are continuous and cumulative and will increase the volume of the tides. The oceans that now make life possible by their sustaining moisture may become capable, through tidal action, of destroying all life.

### Touchdown Play

IN ONE of our important games this fall a Protestant really made us come up to the standard that we are supposed to meet. In one of the huddles, he requested a Hail Mary. We all said the Hail Mary. And on the next play we scored. Three other times in the same game we scored after saying the Hail Mary at his request. Another Protestant asked him, "What's this I hear about your asking for a Hail Mary? You're not a Catholic. You're going to have to cut that out."

"What do you mean, cut it out?" asked the other. "It's the best play we have." Johnny Lujack quoted by Helen Holmberg in the *Witness* (15 Jan. '47).

*Speak up, young man!*

# How Well Do You Hear?

By LEONARD REED

Condensed from *Advertising & Selling*\*

ONE American out of five, according to a recent Gallup poll, is hard of hearing. And yet, selling hearing aids is one of the toughest jobs in the world. Of 92 hearing-aid companies which were in existence several years ago, only 15 have survived.

When a man needs artificial limbs, no salesman has to work on him; false teeth are considered better than none; to compensate for visual defects, eyeglasses are donned, although often reluctantly. But rather than admit that he doesn't hear well, a man will take the line that the rest of the world just doesn't speak loudly enough. "Speak up, young man!" he will say, "Don't stand there mumbling to yourself!"

Because they believe that much of this sensitivity can be attributed to the fact that hard-of-hearing persons have often been the butt of ridicule, hearing-aid people take a dim view of the so-called humor that deals with hearing difficulties. The crotchety old man with his ear trumpet has so long been a part of our celluloid culture that it is hard for people to dissociate in their minds the twin concepts of senility and poor hearing. To put it another way, if, when a man's hearing was

normal, he learned to laugh at the whimsy of "hard-of-hearing" comics, when his own hearing slips he is not a very good prospect for a device that will call attention to his defect.

The problem of hearing should be presented in the same coldly scientific light as poor vision. The ear serves a dual purpose. Its oldest and primary function, in an anthropological sense, deals with the equilibrium of our bodies. In fish, the ear is primarily the mechanism that tells them when they are swimming right side up.

In vertebrates, the ear becomes the "eye that can see around corners." It picks up the sounds of danger, the mating call and the sound of food on the hoof, and is the most important sense organ in the preservation of life.

Today, human hearing is measured in terms of the type of sound waves that can be picked up, and the intensity, measured in decibels, with which they are heard. The normal ear can catch sound waves ranging from 20 to 20,000 cycles per second; sounds outside of that range are supersonic, as, for instance, the note of certain dog whistles which the human ear can't hear. As a man gets older, his ear will

"lose" from the top, and be able to receive only as high as 8,000. That sounds worse than it is; actually, the important hearing range is between 500 and 2,000 cycles, and a man can get along well as long as he can hear sounds in that range with a reasonable degree of intensity. Your telephone, for instance, doesn't get beyond some 2,000; a piano runs 28 to 4,000. Obviously then, not all hearing impairments are critical, or require artificial assistance.

Two-thirds of the cases in which hearing loss is great enough to require a hearing aid involve deterioration of the auditory nerves. In such cases, the earpiece must be worn in the ear itself. To counter the stubborn resistance with which people reject this unappetizing idea, manufacturers have concentrated on developing less unsightly earpieces. They mold the earpiece to the ear in lucite, which at a slight distance is invisible, or connect the receiver to the ear by means of tubing.

The hard-of-hearing who make up the other third of all cases have otosclerosis, which, in layman's terms, is a bony growth in the middle ear that blocks the normal hearing channel. Now, it had long been common knowledge that sound vibrations could be conducted through bone. After Beethoven had become deaf, he would, while playing the piano, grip a stick in his teeth, resting the free end of the stick on the keyboard. As the sound was conducted up the stick, Beethoven heard with his teeth. (If you want to try it yourself, plug your ear with the

little finger of your right hand. Now tap your elbow with a finger of the other hand and hear the sound being transmitted through the bones of your arm. Unplug your ear and you can't hear it.) In 1932 practical commercial use was made of this principle; Dr. Hugo Lieber, founder of the Sonotone corporation, put on the market a hearing aid which conducted sound through the mastoid bone.

Where bone growth is responsible for loss of hearing, there is an alternative to a hearing aid, a very delicate surgical operation called fenestration: a process of drilling a window in the bony growth. Many thousands of persons have undergone the operation for the sole purpose of escaping a mechanical hearing aid.

Before Dr. Gallup released his startling figures, it was estimated that 15 million Americans suffered from hearing defects; on the basis of his poll, the figure can be upped to 21 million. But even using the more conservative estimate, there are at least 5 million persons whose hearing is so far gone as to require hearing aids. Well, then, how many actually wear them? The answer is indicative of the terrific sales resistance which hearing-aid companies encounter: slightly more than half a million.

Breaking down a typical month's sales at Sonotone shows that, like poor vision, poor hearing is most prevalent among older people. Less than 1% of the audicles are sold to persons under 21. The 21-45 group takes care of 11%, the next 15-year category ac-

counts for 30%, and people over 60 buy the big 58%. The years which modern science and medicine have added to the human life, it can be seen from these figures, are the best indication that audicles may come into the same popular acceptance as eye-glasses.

The same sales record gives the impression that more women are hard of hearing than men. The women buy 58% of the audicles. Actually, deafness recognizes no sex difference, and, if anything, more men are affected because of the greater number of men who work in noisy industrial plants. But once again the statistics are explainable by the all-important factors of vanity and sensitivity which constitute such a hurdle to the trade. Men probably are no vainer than women. But more women buy audicles because a woman can hide her audicle by her coiffure, whereas a man has to serve notice on the world at large—or so he thinks—that he is numbered among the hard-of-hearing.

The truth is that all his social and business acquaintances are aware of his difficulties before he gets a hearing aid. Alone of all the senses, a person's hearing affects all with whom he comes in contact. For perhaps three years, the victim occasionally suspects what is happening, but keeps it to himself. After a while, friends, thinking that they are helping, begin to shout at him—and the victim stays more and more in the company of those friends, dropping the people who don't speak loudly enough. The

next step sees the man staying away from social functions, because it has become too much of an effort to try to hear. Finally, he begins to worry about the future and takes an interest in the advertisements of hearing-aid companies.

With any other such pressing problem, the man could, at that point, be expected to seek assistance. But here again the industry runs smack into human perversity. The amazing fact is that 70% of sales result not from receiving an inquiry from a man in need of assistance, but through tips passed along to the company by friends of the afflicted.

In spite of the tragic consequences of poor hearing to so many persons, the public simply has not been educated to the use of audicles. In schools, for instance, children are being sent to the back of the room for "inattention" when their trouble often is that they can't hear even in the front of the room (a repetition of what used to happen to nearsighted children). Poor articulation, considered another sign of backwardness, is often due to the child's poor hearing of the spoken word. But although periodic tests for vision are now universal in the schools, only nine states require that the schools perform audiometer tests on their pupils.

Especially during the first few months it is necessary for the company to remain in constant touch with the purchaser of an audicle, because he has every temptation to put it aside and let it gather dust. Having been

largely cut off from the world of sound for years, the user suddenly hears not only the sounds he wanted to hear, but a myriad of extraneous noises he had blissfully forgotten about: the barking of dogs, footsteps from upstairs, the screeching of auto brakes.

He has to learn all over again to distinguish the unimportant sounds from the meaningful. And the best hearing aid is not the wonderful instrument that the human ear is. The user often has to be helped in sticking out this difficult period.

Research is a large item in the budget for Sonotone, which maintains the

world's largest auditory research laboratory. Recently the corporation spent \$30,000 to have published, as a contribution to knowledge in the field of hearing, a book called *The Human Ear*, which was written and prepared by two professors and a medical illustrator from the University of Chicago. Recognizing that research in hearing is still in its infancy, the company is now looking for a community of a few thousand persons that will volunteer to have its entire population submit to an audiometer test, in order that reliable statistics may be made available to students of the hearing problem.



### *The Unsolvable Problem*

*M*AN can circle the earth without touching the ground; man can kill other men many miles away; man can weigh the stars of the heavens; man can pump oil from the bowels of the earth; man can compel an icy waterfall to cook his meals hundreds of miles from the stream; man can print a million newspapers in an hour; man can breed the seeds out of oranges; man can coax a hen to lay 365 eggs in a year; man can persuade dogs to smoke pipes and sea lions to play guitars. Man, in other words, is quite an ingenious and remarkable package of physical and mental machinery.

But when this astounding person is confronted with one problem, he retires to his hut defeated. Show him six men without money and six loaves of bread belonging to men who cannot use it, but who want money for it, and ask him how the six hungry men can be put in possession of the six surplus loaves, and watch him then. It is then that man attends conferences and appoints committees and holds elections and cries out that a crisis is upon him. He does a score of useless things, and then retires, leaving in the shivering twilight the tableau of six hungry men and the six unapproachable loaves.

*Kolping Banner.*

*A shot in the dark*

# Man-Eating Tiger

By JIM CORBETT

Condensed chapter of a book\*

**I**N SEPTEMBER, 1938, a report was received from Naini Tal, India, that a 12-year-old girl had been killed by a tiger at Kot Kindri village. There were no details and not until I visited the village weeks later was I able to get particulars. The girl had been picking up windfalls from a mango tree in full view of the village, when a tiger suddenly appeared. Before men working near were able to help, it carried her off.

The Forest department had marked all the trees in this area for felling, and it was feared that if the man-eater was not accounted for before November, when timbering should start, the contractors could not hire labor. I promised a government official to go to Kot Kindri, but it was in the interest of the local inhabitants more than that of the contractors.

While my preparations were still under way a second report came of a kill at Sem, a small village on the left bank of the Ladhya, half a mile from Chuka. The victim was an elderly woman, mother of the headman of Sem. She had been killed while cutting brushwood on a steep bank between two terraced fields. She was

within a yard of her hut when the tiger sprang from the field above. The woman could scream only once before the tiger killed her, carried her up the 12-foot bank and disappeared with her into the dense jungle beyond.

Ibbotson, deputy commissioner of the three districts of Almora, Naini Tal, and Garhwal, and I held a council of war. Ibbotson decided to accompany me to Sem. Ten days later we camped on a deserted field at Sem, 200 yards from the hut where the woman had been killed.

On the morning of Oct. 27, as we were finishing breakfast, a party led by Tewari, brother of the headman of Thak, arrived, reporting that a man had left the village at noon the previous day, telling his wife he was going to see that his cattle did not stray beyond the village boundary, but as he had not returned they feared he had met the man-eater.

**A**s we approached the village we heard wailing, an Indian woman mourning her dead. Emerging from the jungle we came upon her, the wife of the missing man, and a dozen men, awaiting us. From their houses above

\*Man-Eaters of Kumaon. 1946. Oxford University Press, 114 5th Ave., New York City, 11.

236 pp. \$2.

they had seen something white, which looked like the missing man's clothing in a field overgrown with scrub 30 yards from where we stood. Ibbotson, Tewari, and I set off to investigate.

We found a big pool of blood where the man had been lying. Evidently the blood from the throat wound had stopped flowing by the time the tigress had picked him up again, for tracking became more difficult. The tigress kept to the contour of the hill, and as the undergrowth here was very dense, our advance was slowed down. In two hours we covered half a mile.

The tigress had eaten her meal close to where she had been lying, and as this spot was open to the keen eyes of vultures she had removed the kill where it would not be visible from the air. Tracking now was easy, for there was a blood trail. It led over a ridge of great rocks. Fifty yards beyond them we found the kill, a poor, mangled thing, stripped of every stitch of clothing and atom of dignity, which only a few hours previously had been a man, father of two children and breadwinner for the wailing woman who faced, with no illusions, the fate of a widow in India.

I climbed into a small tree. Four feet above ground I was able to maintain a precarious seat high enough to enable me to see the tigress if she approached the kill, and also high enough, if she had any designs on me, to see her before she got within striking distance.

Ibbotson had been gone 15 or 20

minutes when I heard a rock tilt forward, and then back. The rock was delicately poised, and when the tigress had put her weight on it she felt it move. The sound had come from about 20 yards in front of me, at my left, the only direction in which I could have fired without being knocked out of the tree.

Minutes passed, each pulling my hopes down a little lower, and then, when my nervous tension and the weight of the heavy rifle were becoming unbearable, I heard a stick snap at the upper end of the thicket. Here was an example of how a tiger can move through jungle. From the first sound I knew her exact position, had fixed my eyes on the spot, and yet she had come, seen me, stayed some time watching me, and then gone away without moving a leaf or a blade of grass.

She had the whole night before her, and though there was only one chance in a million of her returning to the kill I determined not to lose that. I arranged a machan (tree seat). Wrapping a rug round me, for it was bitter cold, I made myself as comfortable as possible in a position in which I could remain for hours without movement.

I had taken my seat at 4 P.M. About 10 P.M. the dead man's brother and other relatives came. They very reverently wrapped the remains in a clean white cloth and, laying it on a cradle of two saplings and rope, set off for the burning ghat on the banks of the Sarda, repeating under their breath as

they went a Hindu hymn of praise. I was not to get the man-eater then.

On the 28th two mail runners started on a short cut through the scrub. Fortunately, the leading man was alert, and saw the tiger as she crept through the scrub and crouched near the path ahead. Ibbotson and I had just got back from Thak when they dashed into camp. We hurried off to investigate. The pug marks showed where the tigress had come to the path and followed the men for a short distance, but we did not see her, though in one place we saw a movement in the dense scrub and heard an animal moving off.

Next morning, a party came from Thak to report that a bullock had not returned to the cattle shed the previous night. A few hundred yards down a ravine we found the enormous animal, fixed between two rocks. Unable to move it, the tiger had eaten a meal off its hind quarters and left it. I decided to sit up over the kill. Only one tree was within reasonable distance, and as the men climbed into it to make a machan the tiger started calling in the valley below. Very hurriedly a few strands of rope were tied between two branches, and while Ibbotson guarded with his rifle I climbed the tree and took my seat on what, during the next 14 hours, proved to be the most uncomfortable as well as the most dangerous machan I ever sat on. The tree was leaning away from the hill, and from the three uneven strands of rope I was sitting on there was a 100-foot drop into a ravine.

The tiger called several times and continued at longer intervals late into the evening, the last time from a ridge half a mile away. It was now evident that she had been lying close to the kill and had seen the men climbing into the tree. Knowing from past experience what this meant, she had duly expressed resentment, and then left, for though I sat on the three strands of rope until Ibbotson returned next morning, I did not see nor hear anything through the night.

I left Sem on Nov. 7, and on the 12th a man was reported killed at Thak. By forced marches I arrived at Chuka soon after sunrise on the 24th. On receipt of the divisional forest officer's telegram about the kill, I telegraphed to the Tahsildar at Tanakpur to send three young male buffaloes to Chuka. My request was promptly complied with.

The latest victim had been standing on a twisted tree trunk, holding one branch and cutting another, when the tigress came up from behind, and, after killing him, carried him into the brush bordering the fields.

The 100 inhabitants of Thak had fled. So hurried had the evacuation been that many doors of the houses had been left wide open. On every path in the village, in all the yards, I found the tigress's pug marks. Open doorways were a menace, for the path as it wound through the village passed close to them, and the tigress might very well have been lurking in any of the houses.

# THE CATHOLIC DIGEST *Monthly Magazine*

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**THE CATHOLIC DIGEST**

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**ST. PAUL 2 MINN**

In the soft earth under the tree of tragedy were signs of a struggle and a few clots of dried blood. Scraping a little earth from under the tree, I exposed a root and to this I tied my buffalo, bedding it down with straw. Skirting the village to avoid open doorways, I joined the path below the houses.

This path, beyond the village, passes under a giant mango tree from the roots of which issues a cold spring of clear water. After running along a groove cut in a massive slab of rock, it falls into a rough masonry trough, from where it spreads, making the land around soft and slushy. I had drunk at the spring coming up, leaving footprints, and on approaching now for a second drink, I found the tigress's footprints superimposed on them. After drinking, she had avoided the path, and gained the village by climbing a steep bank overgrown with nettles. Standing in the shelter of a house, she had possibly watched while I tied the buffalo, expecting me by the way I had gone; I was fortunate in taking the longer way round.

When coming from Chuka I had taken every precaution against sudden attack, and it was well, for I now found pug marks proving she had followed me all the way from camp, and when I went back to Thak I found she had followed me from the path below the houses, right

down to the cultivated land at Chuka.

When leaving home on the 22nd I had promised that I would return in ten days, and that this would be my last expedition after man-eaters. Years of exposure, strain, and long absences from home were beginning to tell as much on me as on the nerves of those at home, and if by Nov. 30 I had not killed this man-eater, others would have to be found who were willing to try.

It was now the night of the 24th, and I had six clear days ahead. Judging from her behavior that evening, the tigress seemed anxious to secure another human victim, and it should not be difficult, in that much time, to find her. There were several methods, each to be tried in turn. The surest was to sit up in a tree over a kill, and if during the night the tigress did not kill the buffalo I had tied up at Thak, I would each following night tie the other two in places I had selected. Failing a human kill it was just possible the tigress might be satisfied to kill a buffalo.

Several thousand men—the contractors said 5,000—had now concentrated at Chuka and Kumaya Chak to fell and saw the timber and carry it to the

motor road that was being constructed. While this considerable force was working they shouted to keep up courage. The noise in the valley of axe and saw, the crashing of giant



trees down the steep hillside, the breaking of rocks with sledge hammers, and combined with it all the shouting of thousands of men, can better be imagined than described. Frequent alarms in such a community were natural, and during the next few days I covered much ground and lost much time investigating false rumors of attacks and kills, for the dread of the tigress was not confined to the Ladhyá valley but extended over an area of roughly 50 square miles, in which 10,000 more men were working.

That one animal should terrorize such a great labor force, in addition to the villages around as well as the hundreds bringing foodstuffs or passing through with hill produce, would be unbelievable were it not for the nearly parallel case of the man-eaters of Tsavo, where a pair of lions, operating only at night, held up work for long periods on the Uganda railway.

On the morning of the 25th, I took a second buffalo to Thak. The path, after leaving cultivated land at Chuka, skirts the foot of the hill for about half a mile before it divides. One arm ascends a ridge to Thak and the other, after following the foot of the hill another half-mile, zigzags up through Kumaya Chak to Kot Kindri.

At the divide I found pug marks and followed them all the way back to Thak. The fact that the tigress had followed me down the hill the previous evening proved she had not killed the buffalo. This, though disappointing, was not unusual; for tigers

will sometimes visit a confined animal for several nights before they kill it. Tigers do not kill unless they are hungry.

LEAVING the second buffalo at the mango tree, where there was an abundance of green grass, I skirted the houses and found No. 1 buffalo sleeping peacefully after a big feed and a disturbed night. The tigress, coming from the direction of the village, had approached to within a few feet of it and had then gone back the way she had come. Taking the buffalo to the spring, I let it graze a while and then tied it up at the same spot.

The second buffalo I tied up 50 yards beyond, where the wailing villagers had met us the day Ibbotson and I had investigated the human kill. Here a shallow ravine crossed the path, on one side of which was a dry stump, and on the other an almond tree in which a machan could be made. Since there was nothing more to do at Thak, I returned to camp and, taking the third buffalo across the Ladhyá, I tied it in the ravine where the tigress had killed a buffalo back in April.

At my request, the Tahsildar of Tanakpur had selected three of the fattest young male buffaloes he could find. All three awaited the tigress, and as I set out to visit them on the morning of the 26th I had great hopes that one had been killed and that I should be able to shoot the tigress over it. I visited all in turn and found that the tigress had not touched them. I again found her tracks on the path leading

to Thak, but this time there was a double series, one coming down and the other going back. On both journeys the tigress had kept to the path and had passed within a few feet of the staked buffalo, 50 yards from the mango tree.

On my return to Chuka a deputation of Thak villagers led by the headman asked me to accompany them to the village to enable them to replenish their foodstuffs. At midday, followed by the villagers and four of my own men carrying machan ropes and food, I returned to Thak, and mounted guard while the men hurriedly collected the provisions.

It became evident that the tigress did not fancy my fat buffaloes, and as in three days I had seen her tracks five times on the path to Thak, I decided to sit over it and try to get a shot at her. To warn of her approach I tied a goat with a bell round its neck on the path, and at 4 P.M. I climbed into the tree. I told my men to return at 8 A.M. the following morning.

At sunset a cold wind started blowing and while I was trying to pull a coat over my shoulders the ropes on one side of the machan slipped. My seat was very uncomfortable. An hour later a storm came on, and though it did not rain long it wet me to the skin. During the 16 hours in the tree I did not see or hear anything. The men turned up at 8 A.M., and I set out for Thak.

On arrival at the stump to which it had been tied, I saw the second buf-

falo had been dragged off the path and partly eaten. I found it had not been killed by the tigress but had in all probability died of snakebite (there were many hamadryads in the jungles), and that, finding it dead on the path, the tigress had eaten a meal off it and tried to drag it away. When she found she could not, she had partly covered it with dry leaves and brushwood and went on to Thak. Tigers as a rule are not carrion eaters but they sometimes eat animals they themselves have not killed.

Since I had dismantled my machan, two men climbed into the almond tree to make a new seat. I settled down, pulled the branches around me, and tied them, leaving a small opening to see and fire through.

The moon had been up two hours when a scream which I can only very inadequately describe as "ar-ar-ar," dying away on a long-drawn-out note, came from the direction of the village. I involuntarily stood up, intending to dash up to the village, for I thought the man-eater was killing one of my men. Then I remembered I had counted them as they passed my tree. But the scream had been the despairing cry of a human being in mortal agony.

When I got back to camp that night I found an excited throng of people clamoring to tell their experiences of the night before. Shortly after moonrise the tigress had started calling close to Chuka and after calling at intervals for a couple of hours had gone off toward the labor camps at Kumaya Chak. The men there, hearing her

coming, started shouting to drive her away, but the shouting only infuriated her and she demonstrated until she cowed the men into silence. She spent the rest of the night between the labor camps and Chuka, daring all and sundry to shout at her. Towards morning she had gone away toward Thak, and my informants were surprised and disappointed that I had not met her.

*T*his was my last day of man-eater hunting, and though I was badly in need of rest and sleep, I decided to spend the rest of it in a last attempt to find the tigress.

I was convinced that no matter where the tigress wandered at night, her headquarters were at Thak, and at midday, taking two goats, and accompanied by four men, I set out for Thak.

Before deciding what to do, I had to know whether the tigress was lying down, as she very well might be, for it was then 1 P.M., or whether she was on the move and in what direction. I listened, and presently the call was repeated; she had moved some 50 yards, and appeared to be going up the main ravine toward Thak. This was very encouraging, for the tree I had selected was only 50 yards from the ravine.

My seat was not uncomfortable, the sun was pleasingly warm, and so for the next three hours I remained in it without discomfort. At 4 P.M. the sun went behind the high hill above Thak and thereafter the wind became unbearably cold. For an hour I stood the

discomfort, and then decided to give up, for the cold had brought on an attack of ague, and if the tigress came now I would be unable to hit her.

There are few persons, I imagine, who have not experienced the feeling of depression that follows failure. Excluding the time spent on the journeys, I had been on the heels of the man-eater from Oct. 23 to Nov. 7, and again from Nov. 24 to 30, and only those who have walked in fear of the teeth of a tiger in their throats can conceive of the effect on one's nerves of days and weeks of such anticipation.

But my quarry was a man-eater, and failure to shoot it would gravely affect everyone in that area. Work in the forests had been stopped, and the largest village in the district had been abandoned. Bad as conditions were, they would undoubtedly get worse if the man-eater were not killed.

*T*he tigress had long since lost her natural fear of human beings, and here was I plodding down to camp on what I had promised others would be my last day of man-eater hunting; reason enough for a depression of soul which I felt would remain the rest of my days. Gladly at that moment would I have bartered a successful 32 years of man-eater hunting for one unhurried shot at the tigress.

When my men rejoined me they said that they had heard the tigress calling far away but were not sure of the direction. It was quite evident she had gone, and I set off to camp.

The path, remember, joins the ridge that runs down Chuka a quarter of a mile from Thak, and when I got to where the ridge is only a few feet wide and one can see the two great ravines to the Ladhyā river, I heard the tigress call across the valley on my left. She was a little above and to the left of Kumaya Chak, and a few hundred yards below the Kot Kindri ridge on which workers had built grass shelters. Here was an opportunity, admittedly forlorn and unquestionably desperate, of getting a shot; still it was an opportunity and the last I should ever have, and the question was whether or not I should try.

I waited until the tigress called again, and cupping my hands round my mouth and filling my lungs, sent an answering call over the valley. Back came her call, and thereafter, for several minutes, call answered call. She would come, had in fact already started, and if she arrived while there was light to shoot by, all the advantages would be on my side, for I could select the ground on which to meet her. November is the mating season for tigers and it was evident that she had been rampaging through the jungles in search of a mate, and that on hearing what she thought was a tiger answering her mating call, she would lose no time in meeting him.

Four hundred yards down the ridge the path runs for 50 yards across a flat bit of ground. At the far righthand of this flat ground the path skirts a big rock and then drops steeply, and continues in a series of hairpin bends,

down to the next bench. At this rock I decided to meet the tigress, and on my way to it I called several times to let her know I was changing my position, and to keep in touch with her.

Imagine a rectangle 40 yards wide and 80 yards long, ending in a more or less perpendicular rock face. The path from Thak runs on to this ground at its short or south end, and after continuing down the center for 25 yards bends to the right and leaves the rectangle on its long or east side. Where the path leaves the flat ground is a rock about four feet high. From a little beyond, where the path turns right, a ridge of rock, three or four feet high, rises and extends to the north side of the rectangle, where the ground falls away in a perpendicular rock face. On the near or path side of this low ridge is a dense line of bushes approaching to within ten feet of the four-foot-high rock. The rest of the rectangle is grown over with trees, scattered bushes, and short grass.

I intended to lie on the path by the side of the rock and shoot the tigress as she approached, but when I got there I found I could not see her until she was within two or three yards, and that she could get at me either round the rock or through the scattered bushes on my left without my seeing her at all. Projecting out of the rock, from the side opposite to that from which I expected the tigress to approach, was a narrow ledge. I found that, by sitting sideways on the ledge, and putting my left hand flat on the

top of the rounded rock and stretching my right leg out and touching the ground with my toes, I could retain my position. Men and goats I placed immediately behind me, ten or 12 feet below.

The stage was set for the tigress, who had now approached to within 300 yards. Sending out one final call to give her direction, I looked to see if my men were all right.

The spectacle they presented would under other circumstances have been ludicrous. Sitting in a tight little circle with their knees drawn up and their heads together, with the goats burrowing in under them, they had the look of spectators waiting to hear a big gun go off. From the time we had first heard the tigress, neither the men nor the goats had made a sound, beyond one suppressed cough. They were probably now frozen by fear; and even if they were, I respected the courage to do what I, had I been in their shoes, would not have dreamed of doing. For seven days they had been hearing the most exaggerated, blood-curdling tales of the beast, and now, in the dusk, unarmed, sitting where they could see nothing, they heard the man-eater drawing nearer and nearer.

The fact that I could not hold my rifle, a D.B. 450/400, with my left hand (which I was using to retain my precarious seat on the ledge) caused me some uneasiness, for apart from the fear of the rifle's slipping on the rounded top of the rock (I had folded my handkerchief and placed the rifle on it to try to prevent this) I could not

anticipate the effect of the recoil of my high-velocity rifle fired in this position. It was pointing along the path, in which there was a hump, and I intended to fire into the tigress's face when she appeared over this hump, 20 feet from the rock.

The tigress, however, did not keep to the contour of the hill, which would have brought her out on the path a little beyond the hump, but crossed a deep ravine and came straight towards where she had heard my last call. This maneuver put the low ridge of rock, over which I could not see, between us. She had located the direction of my last call with great accuracy, but had misjudged the distance, and not finding her prospective mate where she had expected him was working herself into a perfect fury. You will have some idea of that fury when I tell you that not many miles from my home a tigress on one occasion closed a public road for a whole week, attacking everything that attempted to go along it, including a string of camels, until she was finally joined by a mate.

I know of no sound more certain to fret one's nerves than the calling of an unseen tiger at close range. What effect it was having on my men I was frightened to think, and if they had gone screaming down the hill I should not have been surprised, for even though I had the heel of a good rifle to my shoulder and the stock against my cheek I felt like screaming myself.

But even more frightening was the

fading out of light. Another few seconds, ten or 15 at most, and it would be too dark to see my sights. Something would have to be done in a hurry, if we were not to be massacred. The only thing I could think of was to call.

The tigress was so close that I could hear the intake of her breath each time she filled her lungs. I did the same, and we called simultaneously. The effect was startlingly instantaneous. Without a second's hesitation she came tramping with quick steps through the dead leaves, over the low ridge and into the bushes a little to my right front, and just as I was expecting her to walk right on top of me she stopped, and the full blast of her deep-throated call struck me in the face and would have carried a hat off my head had I been wearing one. A second's pause, then again quick steps; a glimpse of her as she passed between two bushes, and then she stepped into the open, and, looking into my face, stopped dead.

By great and unexpected good luck the half-dozen steps carried her almost to the exact spot at which my rifle was pointing. Had she continued in the direction in which she was coming before her last call, my story, if written, would have had a different ending, for it would have been as impossible to slew the rifle on the rounded

top of the rock as to lift and fire it with one hand.

Owing to her nearness and the fading light, all that I could see was her head. My first bullet caught her under the right eye, and the second, fired more by accident than intent, took her in the throat, and she came to rest with her nose against the rock. The recoil from the right barrel knocked me off the ledge of the rock, and the recoil from the left barrel, fired while I was in the air, brought the rifle up in violent contact with my jaw and sent me heels over head right on top of the men and goats. Once again I take my hat off to them for, not sure that the tigress would not land on them next, they caught me as I fell, and saved me from injury and my rifle from being broken.

When I had freed myself from the tangle of human and goat legs I took the rifle from the man holding it, rammed a clip of cartridges into the magazine, and sent a stream of five bullets singing over the valley and across the Sarda into Nepal. Two shots, to the thousands in the valley, and in the surrounding villages anxiously listening for the sound of my rifle, might mean anything, but two shots followed by five more, spaced at regular intervals of five seconds, could convey only one message: that the man-eater was dead.



**SOMETIMES** an open mind is one that is too porous to hold a conviction.

From *Banking and Quote* (1-7 Feb. '48).

# The New Crucifixion

Adapted from *Jesuit Missions*\*

THE year 1948 is 33 A.D. in China. Our Lord is being crucified again—just as He was before Lepanto, and in the fires of Queen Elizabeth at Smithfield, and only yesterday in Mexico—and the darkness is upon the land. This is the gospel according to Stalin in all that vast area of North China occupied by the Reds, as recorded in accounts received by the editors of *Jesuit Missions*. Their survey shows that the bitter two-year persecution has wrought such havoc that 1948 may see the almost complete annihilation of missionaries, churches and schools of 1½ million Chinese Catholics.

"The chief priests and the scribes sought how they might by some wile lay hold on Him and kill Him." The high priests of communism in North China are following the Scriptural pattern. Consider the report of one missionary (whose name and mission, because he is still working in communist territory, cannot be given).

"The neighboring mission to the north has been plunged into the whirlpool already, the possessions of the mission stolen, the bishop and his priests thrown

into the street, put into prison, tortured. Fearful rumors reach our ears. The mission to the west is orphaned, with its bishop and priests in flight; and just below us another bishop and his priests are being tortured and led through the streets in mock demonstration."

Now the communists were in his village. The missionary had been warned, urged to flee, but he would not.

"I had just finished my belated breakfast, and was ready to join my happy school children, when the leaders of the communists in the village were announced. They had not come to congratulate me.

"The *Nunghoi* have need of your church for their meetings!"

"I would be very happy to offer the church for these meetings, but it is the feast time."

"At the end, I have to set free the schoolhouse and the yard for the meeting. Only in this way can I save my church."

From now on, day in and day out, the *Nunghoi*, or People's Court, meets in the missionary's school yard. He is involuntary wit-



ness of beastliness which till then he knew only from hearsay.

The policy of the Chinese Reds has followed very closely the communist policy in Europe. In China the procedure is called *Tou cheng*, an expression with a twofold meaning. It first implies equalization of property: land, buildings, furniture, even personal possessions are to be condemned and confiscated until the communist utopia is reached. The second meaning of *Tou cheng* is more vicious. Ownership of more property than communist officials approve of must not only be given up, but must be expiated as a crime.

It is very early morning in the missionary's yard. From the roofs starts the roaring of the drums; loudspeakers with enormous soundboxes emit nerve-shattering shrieks. From all sides, people come to the mission yard. The list of people is read; nobody dares be absent.

In a near-by compound wait the victims of the People's Court. They belonged to the "rich class." Now the poor people shall have their revenge.

One is led forth, bound. "The ring closes around him," the missionary writes. "A few violent kicks and commands bring the 60-year-old man to the pillory. The militia have cudgels thick as an arm. He is a free object of hatred; everybody can beat him, insult him, the more the better. Now one of the mob jumps up, and goes to the prisoner, rages, screams at him like a madman; his complaints are absolutely silly, but he brings them

forward with theatrical affectation.

"'Comrades,' he suddenly shouts at the mob, 'What do you think?'"

It was written centuries ago, "Then the high priest rending his garments, saith: What think you? Who all condemned Him to be guilty of death. And some began to spit on Him and to cover His face and to buffet Him . . . Pilate took Jesus and scourged Him. Crucify Him! Crucify Him! . . . They have parted My garments among them. . . ."

And in China: "Take off his clothing and beat him up!" responds the mob.

"Soldiers of the militia take off the clothing of the poor old trembling man; they leave only his trousers. Icy cold winds blow, the man's teeth chatter; his skin is quickly blue and violet. But the accuser still rages; he takes a cudgel in both hands and starts beating the victim's back with all his force.

"'Confess or die,' he shouts."

Legal right as such no longer exists in China. And if the communist leaders can't find grounds to condemn you, lies must be invented. The accused is given no opportunity to defend himself. He must confess his "guilt." Should he refuse, he is tortured until he does confess. "Communism in China," say the communist leaders, "has condemned no one. All trials are held by the People's Court."

For the normal People's Court trial, the communist supervisor calls a small group of the village, and spends many hours instructing them on the punishment to be given. When this small

group has learned its lesson, under threat of physical violence, the charges are brought before all the people. Everybody, including priests and Sisters, even the small children, must attend.

In almost all cases the charges against the accused are ridiculous. Some priests have been accused of crimes committed many years before they were born. Spies roam through the meeting. Any person objecting to the charges is immediately taken prisoner and himself tried, as opposing the will of the people. "Beat him. Hang him up," shout the people, in answer to the prosecutor, according to the way they have been drilled. Then the torture so demanded by the people is meted out.

The old man in the mission school yard is silent. ("But Jesus gave him no answer.") Then two or three more of the militia gather round the old man. They grasp other sticks and beat him blindly, on the head, in the face so that his teeth are falling out, and blood streams down his chest. His back is crisscrossed with streaks and bruises that burst and hang down in bloody shreds; his arm is broken and swells enormously. The beating goes on monotonously.

"One more stroke," writes the missioner, "and the man rolls in the dust. Kicks and curses follow; he is again put on his stool. New accusers step forward. The pace is getting wilder. By noon, the man is on the ground, whimpering, half conscious.

"During lunch hour, he has time to revive. And in the afternoon the

same procedure is repeated. But I think the man does not feel any more of the cold; his whole back is one bruise and sore. Still he cannot decide to submit to the accusations.

"*'Ja gun!'* shouts the leader of the People's Court.

"Immediately the man is pushed off the stool, and forced to kneel down. A pole is laid across his calves and pressed down by four men. Suppressed cries of pain, the shinbones break. There is silence now.

"The women and children look for shelter, trembling with terror. They cannot bear to look at the torture any longer. The old man has been on trial for five hours. Now he is nearer death than life. They carry him away; the hatred has died down for the day. In the meantime his home has been raided; his wife and children have been thrown into the streets with one bowl and two chopsticks. They are made beggars whom no one is allowed to pity."

That is the People's Court. The impression is given that everything is done by the people. Accusation, torture, judgment, and punishment are proclaimed directly by the people. The communist supervisor is present, but only as spectator and advisor. The real directors of the trials remain in the background, screened from publicity—but woe to the person who dissents from the People's Court verdict.

There has been a change in the objectives of the communist leaders in China, *Jesuit Missions* points out. Its original archenemy was the Kou-

mintang. Now its fury is directed first at the missionaries and missions of the Catholic Church; second, at any and all Americans; and, last, at the Nationalist government Koumintang.

Here is how *Tou cheng* stripped a mission in Hopeh province. In the beginning of November several districts of the town were ordered to search for accusations to be brought against the mission. ("And the chief priests and all the council sought for evidence against Him, that they might put Him to death.") But the search for accusations was futile, even among the Chinese pagans in surrounding villages, who replied only with accounts of charities extended by the mission.

Finally the communists turned to the past. Some 10 miles out of town there had been a center of Boxer warfare near the turn of the century. Some 3,000 Christians had died heroic deaths in defense of their religion. The missionaries were held responsible for the deaths though only one was alive at the time and he was seven years old.

But the *Tou cheng* was inevitable. In this instance the torture did not extend beyond three days' imprisonment and threats of execution for the ten missionaries concerned, but all the mission property was confiscated through the medium of exorbitant fines.

Not all the missionaries were as fortunate. One bishop, for instance, was stripped of all his clothing except his underwear, forced to mount a platform made of rickety tables, and as-

sailed by the communist officials. Whenever he tried to defend his priests he was struck on the head with a whip of thorns, and beaten with iron rods. Pushed off the tables time and again, the bishop fell to the street and fractured his hand. His trial lasted three hours, and he was beaten to unconsciousness. His head matted with blood, he was forced to assent to a fine of \$25,000 (American). When the mission was unable to meet the fine, the cathedral, priests' house, convent, seminary, schools, workshops were completely stripped of all furnishings and finally burned.

Whenever the verdict of the People's Court is the death penalty, the prisoner is killed before the court adjourns, as this is judged to have good effect on the loyalty of the people themselves.

Torture used in the People's Court to exact "confessions" is infinite in variety. Since torture is nothing new among the pagans of North China, the communists have at their disposal such treatments as beatings, forcing bamboo slivers under the nails, and so on. One missionary was forced to kneel on chains, and then—just as in the instance of the aged man in the school yard—a board was put across the calf of his legs, and his torturers put their weight on the board until the bones snapped.

A torture rapidly gaining in popularity is known as the Dragon Lantern, in which the back of the priest is slashed open, cotton saturated with gasoline inserted in the wounds, and

the cotton ignited. The antics of the victim are comical indeed, suggesting the squirming dragon lanterns of Chinese parades. Other forms of this torture are practiced too: one Catholic layman had holes drilled in his back, the holes were filled with gasoline, and then ignited. For the women, a heavy piece of cloth is soaked in oil and lighted, and then laid on the stomach of the victim and moved back and forth until the confession has been obtained.

Another form of forcing confessions is known as the Tapestry Chair; a large basket is filled with thorns and the naked victim jostled inside. The mother of a catechist was suspended by her ankles from a high beam, then repeatedly dropped to the ground until her confession was obtained.

Because the Chinese have a great horror of defilement as a disgrace which may never be lived down, the Defilement Corps has had great success in obtaining confessions. Teen-age boys from communist schools appear at almost every session of the People's Court. Mounted on a platform in relays of six to ten boys, with the victims, both men and women, tied underneath them, they pour filth down on the victims. Many Chinese are so aghast that they confess rather than submit to the psychological form of torture.

Not content with stealing missionary property and making the work of the missions impossible, Chinese communist leaders have set up a new *Tou cheng*, called *Su hsiang*. Chinese Christians are haled before a communist

court of 15 who investigate the mental attitude of the people. They are tried, and made to say, "I don't believe in God. I believe in our communist leader Mao Tse-Tung."

The *Jesuit Missions* report reveals that during 1946 and 1947 Chinese communists murdered 49 Catholic priests, 20 of whom died during torture. Churches desecrated or destroyed number 500; of those, 183 were turned into communist halls, 123 were made into movie theaters, 166 were looted, and at least 25 completely destroyed. Another 500 small mission chapels have received similar communist "protection." But the relatively small number of churches and schools completely destroyed highlights an ironic feature of the persecution. More than 2,000 schools and churches have been confiscated, but of this number only 37 destroyed. After expelling Sisters and priests, as well as pupils and orphans, the Reds have turned the Catholic schools into communist schools, the churches into Red indoctrination centers, the mission chapels into party headquarters, all to force millions into the new state religion.

In one church in Hopeh province, statues and pictures were removed and the pictures of Mao Tse-Tung and Chu Teh placed over the main altar. At Shansi, a monstrance has a picture of Stalin where once the Blessed Sacrament was enshrined.

All this forces the editors of *Jesuit Missions* to conclude that there appears no hope for the Christians of North China. It even appears that

Peiping itself with its 800 missionary refugees will fall before the end of the summer.

Symbolic of the fate of the whole Church in North China was the action taken by the missionary who had to watch the tortures of the aged Chinese in the very yard of his own school. He wished to save the sacred vessels and vestments. He enlisted the aid of

faithful catechists, and under the very noses of his enemies, carousing in the school adjoining, labored under cover of the night at an excavation under the stone floor of his rectory, disposed of the surplus earth, buried the church appurtenances, packed straw around them, and replaced the floor tiles. Good Friday is upon China. When will come the Resurrection?

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*Prescription for scrupulosity*

## Is Your Mind O.K.?

By H. J. O'CONNELL

Condensed from the *Liguorian*\*

**T**HREE is scarcely any form of anxiety which causes greater inward agony and mental torture than religious scruples. Scruples are fairly common. Among Catholics no exact figures are available; but it has been estimated that almost half go through at least a passing attack. True Catholic doctrine cannot be a cause of scrupulosity, but Catholics, in general, seem to be more concerned with religious matters than other people. Catholic doctrine, rightly understood, has in itself the most efficacious remedy for all forms of scrupulosity.

Scrupulosity may be defined as an habitual state of mind in which, because of an unreasonable fear of sin, a

person is inclined to judge that actions are sinful when they are not really so, or that they are more gravely wrong than they really are. Emphasis must be placed on the assertion that scruples involve an unreasonable fear of sin. If a person makes a mistake, and thinks an action wrong which is not, or thinks a sin mortal which is in reality venial, he is not necessarily scrupulous. Scrupulosity involves an emotional condition which interferes with the proper working of the mind, and produces a judgment in accordance not with objective truth, but with fear. The person, because of fear, is at the time incapable of forming a reasonable and correct conscience about the right-

ness or wrongness of the action in question. Scrupulosity is simply an anxiety neurosis concerned with moral matters.

The scrupulous person, for example, although he has made his confession with far more than ordinary care, may still fear that he has made a bad confession. One such penitent decided to write out an account of conscience, and in the short space of a few weeks filled 12 copybooks with a description of his anxieties.

For scrupulous persons obligatory practices and devotions can be a source of unceasing torture. For instance, they recite over and over again the penance given them in confession because of some fancied imperfection, or a distraction that is entirely unwilling. The lengths to which fear can drive them in such matters is almost incredible. They may spend a whole evening in a simple devotion that a normal person can finish in half an hour. One scrupulous priest stated that it took him eight hours for his daily Office.

Usually persons subject to scruples are of a nervous temperament, sensitive and introspective, with a tendency to timidity and discouragement. It is not the dull but the intelligent who are most often attacked. Their natural keenness of mind and vividness of imagination and memory enable them to discover and reflect on countless minute circumstances of action which would scarcely occur to others, and also to build up fantastic and complicated processes of reasoning to justify their fears. Stranger still, such persons

are often able to make wise and prudent decisions for others, although they cannot come to a decision where they themselves are concerned.

Scrupulosity is not to be confused with delicacy of conscience. A delicate conscience wisely fears every real sin. It judges reasonably and exactly, without exaggeration, every degree of moral evil. The scrupulous conscience, on the other hand, places sin where there is in reality no sin, and exaggerates the sin if it is present.

A scrupulous conscience is not a sign of sanctity nor an aid in holiness, but a serious obstacle to true and solid moral perfection. Concerned almost entirely with himself, and engaged constantly in his battles with shadows, the scrupulous person has little time or energy for worth-while matters.

What are the causes of this agonizing and harmful condition? First of all, the state of a person's health may have much to do with the onset of scruples. There is in some persons a physical predisposition to anxiety and worry, which is the result of an imperfect functioning of the endocrine glands. If such persons were not worried about religion, they would be troubled about something else. Scruples frequently begin with the advent of puberty, when the glandular balance of the body is often temporarily disturbed. Chronic fatigue, exhaustion, and other disorders affecting the brain may at times produce states of anxiety and worries of conscience.

Scruples may often also be traced to psychological causes, both mental and

moral. On the mental side, can be mentioned: 1. a defective knowledge of God, leading one to think of Him as a tyrant, ever on the watch to discover and punish without mercy the least human deviation from absolute perfection; 2. an imperfect knowledge of the moral law and of the duties of the individual, resulting in the imposition of impossible burdens on the conscience; 3. a wild and uncontrolled imagination, which causes the person to lose the proper perspective in his life problems, entangle himself in a mass of details, and pursue fantastic and devious lines of thought, such as would not even occur to an ordinary man.

Among the moral causes of scruples are: 1. obstinate pride, which clings to its own opinion, refuses to accept advice, and is unwilling to admit even in the face of evidence that its judgment can be defective; 2. an inordinate desire of certainty, born of excessive self-love, about one's salvation or state of grace; 3. emotionalism, which leads the individual to follow feelings rather than reason in meeting the problems of life.

These various mental and moral factors are often caused or aggravated by improper education. A narrow and strait-laced upbringing which emphasizes fear rather than love, the reading of terrifying books, horror movies, gruesome stories told by teachers or parents, attempts to frighten children into being good, in fact, anything which tends to increase natural timidity, or which causes a condition of chronic fear and anxiety, may sow the

seed for a crop of scruples in later life.

Though the presumption is always that scruples arise from natural causes, in extraordinary cases they may be a temptation of the devil, or a trial specially permitted by God. Even the greatest saints have, at certain times in their lives, been victims of acute attacks of scrupulosity. But when scruples are not due to causes deeply rooted in the personality, as a rule they do not last long.

Many persons, it may be added, at the time of conversion or entrance into Religious life, go through a temporary period of scrupulosity, which passes more or less quickly, and then does not trouble them again.

If one recognizes in himself the signs of scrupulosity which have been described, the first all-important step that he must take is to submit himself to the guidance of a prudent spiritual director. Since the conscience of such an individual is temporarily out of gear, he is not in a fit condition to direct his own moral life. His only refuge and hope is in obedience. If he humbly obeys, he can be led gradually back to peace of heart. If he refuses to obey, he will sink ever more deeply into his unfortunate state.

A priest should be chosen in whom the scrupulous person has confidence. Once the choice is made, the sufferer should stay with the same director. His commands must be implicitly obeyed, no matter what the victim of scruples himself may think, no matter what be his fears of sin. Such a person has but one responsibility before

God, that of obedience, and ought to realize that no act performed under obedience to a confessor can be for him a sin; even though the confessor makes a mistake, the scrupulous person would commit no sin in obeying. Hence, if the confessor tells the penitent not to repeat past confessions, he should obey, even though he fears his confessions have not been complete. If told to go to Communion, he should obey, even though he is afraid that he is in the state of sin. If advised not to spend more than five minutes in the examination of conscience, he should not spend an instant more.

Almost always the scrupulous person is an introvert. The energies of his personality must be turned outward to interesting and useful tasks, especially

in the service of others. Good, hard, manual labor in the open air is one of the best antidotes for scruples.

Likewise, the mind of such a person should be diverted from the consideration of the more rigorous and severe aspects of religion, and filled with the thought of God's love and mercy, His sincere desire for the salvation of every human soul, His generosity in supplying all necessary means of grace, His patience with human weakness.

Scuples are, indeed, a long-drawn-out torture for their victim and for those with whom he lives. But after weathering the storm, the scrupulous person comes forth wiser and more mature, with a greater understanding and deeper sympathy for the trials and sufferings of others.



### *Perseverance*

ONE of God's right-hand men was Brother Hinderhofer, S.J. who transformed the barren waste around St. Francis mission, South Dakota, into an oasis. From 1899, when he came to St. Francis to keep the Jesuits in shoes, until his death in 1943, the little Brother planted some 50,000 trees. Heat, cold, and draught were leagued against him, but his perseverance saved 22,000 of them.

Besides tree planting, he had another avocation, feeding hungry Indian visitors: some days he fed as many as 50; and through the years he served about a million meals.

When advancing age gave Brother Hinderhofer warning that death was not far off, he prepared for it by digging his own grave. But that which he had intended for himself became the final resting place of a confrere who died before him. Undaunted, Brother Hinderhofer dug another grave. Again it was occupied by someone else. Finally, after a third attempt, his perseverance was rewarded: he has the distinction of resting in a grave which he himself dug.

Sister M. Claudia Duratschek, O.S.B., in *Crusading Along Sioux Trails* quoted in the *Mission Digest* (Feb. 48).

# *Baseball's Grand Slam*

By

ROBERT SMITH

Condensed chapter  
of a book\*

THE person who really saved baseball from the oblivion that threatened it after the scandals of 1919 and the early 20's was not Kene-saw Mountain Landis but George Herman Ruth, best known to the public as Babe. Just before the U.S. entered the war Babe Ruth had been the best left-handed pitcher in the American League. He was also one of the few pitchers, of this modern day, who was almost never out of the line-up. When he was not pitching he was playing first base or left field, so that the team enjoyed the power of his bat every day.

At the start of his career, George Ruth was a well-set-up young man with a broad nose that made it easy to pick him out of a crowd. He was six feet, two inches tall, a little too slender for his height. He had the long skinny legs that always seem to mark the fleet-footed athlete. His arms were long and wiry, his wrists heavy, hands large.

Ruth started playing baseball when he was a boy studying shoemaking in a Baltimore industrial school. He was a left-handed catcher with an additional handicap: there was no left-handed



catcher's mitt in the school. Babe had to wear his mitt on the right hand, then take it off before he could throw the ball back to the pitcher or snap it down to second.

But he caught many a base-stealer going to second. At the height of Ruth's career his throwing ability was not much remarked; yet he could sling a ball a good 350 feet, far enough to take it from the deep outfield to home base without a bounce.

Babe Ruth played his first professional ball in Baltimore, as pitcher and first baseman. When the Baltimore club, hard-pressed by Federal League competition, needed some extra cash, they sold Ruth to the Boston Red Sox. The Red Sox immediately sent him to Providence, where he played good ball for small pay before coming back to Boston to help win a World's Series.

In 1919, after Ruth had established a record for pitching scoreless World's Series innings, he began to clout the ball out of the park at a pace unheard of since the India-rubber content of the baseball had been cut down. His first few home runs were accepted gratefully by fans and management as his proper contribution to team suc-

\*Baseball. Copyright, 1947, Simon & Schuster, 1230 6th Ave., New York City, 20.  
362 pp. \$3.50.

cess. But when he started to make home runs a habit, hitting one or more every week, his name appeared in the news more frequently than the mayor's.

Babe Ruth, like one or two of the great sluggers of the past, liked to swing the full length of his bat. But he differed in one thing from anyone who had gone before: if the pitch suited him, he always put his full might into his swing. When he missed a pitch, he did so with such gusto, turning a full circle, that fans used to cheer to see him strike out. They knew he was trying for the big one.

Babe did not always get home runs. He knocked some of the highest fly balls ever seen, and he clouted doubles and triples. But he was no place hitter, even when the defensive players all pulled over to the right and opened a tremendous vacant spot along the left-field foul line. The "place" for his hits was somewhere in the stands or the street outside.

Before Ruth, the record total of home runs in one season in the American League was 16, made by Socks Seybold of Philadelphia in 1902. In the National League, after introduction of the cork-centered ball, two players had made more than 20 home runs in a season: Schulte of Chicago, with 21 in 1911, and Garry Cravath of the Phillies, with 24 in 1916.

In 1918 Babe made 11 home runs, tying with Walker of the Athletics for league leadership in that department. In 1919 he opened his career as the greatest long-distance slugger of all

time by earning official credit for 29 home runs. He actually hit 30, and if he had run a little faster he could have made 31. This is what happened.

Whenever Ruth appeared there were usually so many fans that the bleachers couldn't hold them. It was that way in Boston on Labor day, 1919, when the crowd at Fenway park was so great that part of them had to be accommodated in a roped-off section of the green below the right-field bleachers. Babe Ruth, as the whole town knew, was on his way to breaking every modern home-run record. Action pictures of the Babe were on sale. People began to yell for him even before they had found their seats. And the sight of him warming up to pitch kept the whole stand buzzing.

Babe pitched and won the first game; and during the course of it, while the crowd set up a noise that sounded like the armistice celebration, he drove a ball into his favorite target, the teeming right-field bleachers, where my brother and I sat clutching two bags of peanuts. The ball, before our bulging eyes, struck the seats below us with a whack loud enough, we thought, to carry even above the yells of the fans. The ball bounded high, back over the front wall of the bleachers and into the scrambling crowd on the grass. The umpire, who apparently saw only that it ended its journey in the overflow crowd, ruled it a triple, in accordance with a pre-game agreement that balls hit into the overflow were good for three bases only.

There was a long howl of protest from fans, like us, who had been sitting close enough to see the ball hit among the seats. So intense was the desire to see Babe break the record that National Guardsmen, who were taking the jobs of striking policemen, circulated a hastily scribbled petition through the bleacher crowd and carried it to the umpire. He suggested that they stick to policing and let him handle the game. In the 7th inning of the second game Babe put a ball into the right-field bleachers to stay, and the roar that went up must have startled the ducks all along the Muddy river.

He missed his other home run a week or so earlier in Philadelphia, when he hit one of his star-scraping flies to short center field. Whitey Witt, the Philadelphia outfielder, took a stand beneath the falling ball, which was just an uncertain spot against the blue, and made ready to catch it when it finally came down. Babe, as is customary when a fly seems a sure out, merely jogged along the base paths; but, at that, he had reached second base before the ball descended. It came down in a swooping arc, as such balls often do, spinning so sharply away from the vertical that Witt was completely fooled. He lunged, but could not touch the ball. It hit the soggy earth with a plop and sank so deep it did not bounce. If Babe had been running at top speed he would have been rounding third when the ball came down and could easily have made it home.

That season, to many old-time fans, really marked the end of baseball. The game that came after Babe Ruth had been sold to the New York Yankees (now owned by millionaires Huston and Ruppert) was, to the really intense students of "inside" baseball, not baseball at all. It was just a wild exhibition of strength, of a piece with the madness for crazy pleasure, for unheard-of-speed, and for aimless bigness that seemed to convulse the nation through the 20's.

American League authorities would probably deny in the face of torture that the official baseball was ever altered. "The style of batting changed, that's all," they still insist when questioned for publication. The style of batting changed very rapidly indeed, for the home-run figures for the major leagues doubled and trebled within a decade. Everyone who was playing ball then knew darned well that the ball was lively. It was called the jack-rabbit ball, and whether its rabbit quality was achieved by thinning the cover, changing the type of yarn, or enlivening the rubber core does not matter. It was still a ball that flew off the bat faster, bounded far more dangerously, and carried much farther.

The new Babe Ruth baseball called for slugging, letting runs die on the bases rather than passing up a chance to break the game wide open with an inning full of long hits. Base stealing and bunting began to decline until, in the American League, certain standard plays, such as the squeeze and sacrifice bunt, were rarer than mustaches.

Strong men like Hack Wilson, who might have spent most of their days in the minors because of their penchant for hitting the ball up in the air, became mighty sluggers who dared now and then to dream of matching Babe Ruth for homers. But there was only one Ruth, even though many rivals came along to crowd close to his home-run records. (His teammate, Gehrig, synthetically named Buster by some sports writers, ran him a race one season which justified a daily box in the newspaper to show the positions of the contestants.)

Ruth had a personality to match his reputation. There is no use saying he was not, in a sense, "spoiled" by the measureless and sometimes almost senseless adulation he received. He remained a small boy much longer than he might have if the ordinary social and economic pressures had not been so suddenly removed.

He saw his own picture and name wherever he turned. He moved around the streets of a city in a sort of dream world, doors opening for him and faceless crowds surging to get just a brief look at him or to touch his garments. He was overwhelmed with gifts, an automobile with a big Babe Ruth sign on it, pets, odds and ends of goodies, hard cash for merely agreeing to use of his name. He dressed with extreme sportiness and ate the way any child eats who never had quite enough on his plate in his earliest years. For hot dogs and cheap soda pop he had a kid's taste multiplied by ten. He refused to stop eating such

things, and stretched his stomach so that his appetite became too voracious to satisfy. Even during a game, with the sweat dripping from him, he could pour soda down his throat just as fast as the bottles could be handed up.

He actually foundered on this diet one spring and had to be taken to St. Vincent's hospital in New York, while people whispered that he was dying or dead. In the hospital he underwent a minor operation and missed the first two months of the season. When he did return, he was too weak for several days to play a complete game. He drank stronger potions than soda pop, of course, during those days when almost anything carrying alcohol and colored brown was relished for its bouquet and body.

When Babe was hitting home runs at the rate of two or three a week, and had a batting average of .370 or more, there was no holding him; and Miller Huggins, Yankee manager, realized it. He fumed at the manner in which Ruth flaunted his inviolability, and he often made private vows to "speak to him." There is a story that he once told a newspaperman, while discussing Ruth's incredibly late hours and semipublic carousing, that he was certainly going to "speak to Ruth" at the first opportunity. When Ruth happened along, the newspaperman asked if Huggins still meant to "speak to him."

"Certainly," said Huggins. "Hello, Babel!"

The Babe accepted as almost a solemn duty his obligation to visit eager children who lay paralyzed or

near death in hospitals; and during those visits his entire mind and heart were centered on the little boy, on doing and saying the kind and friendly things that would make the kid smile. When he brushed off kids who swarmed upon him and held up his train or interfered with a ball game, he did so with the good-natured roughness of a man in whom friendliness toward children was bred as deeply as a religion.

The greatest moment of Babe Ruth's career is usually said to have come in Chicago when, during a World Series game with the Chicago Cubs, he replied to the booing of the fans (they always booed Babe when he failed to live up to the last inch of his reputation) by making a sign to the effect that he was going to hit the ball over the fence—and then hitting the ball right where he had pointed, for a home run. I wonder, however, if perhaps an even greater moment did not come to him when, at the very tail end of his long career, when the Yankees had let him go at last, and when fresh young members of the new generation of ballplayers were muttering that he ought to admit he was through, the Babe hit three home runs high over the roof of Forbes field, Pittsburgh, in one game. This was in 1935, when he was assistant manager of the Boston Braves. It was his last really great performance on the diamond, and one of his final appearances. It must have eased his troubled soul, as it certainly lifted the hearts of all those to whom the aging Babe was a solemn symbol

of the inexorable march of the years.

To thousands of old ball fans, there has never been any man in the game who could prickle the hair on your scalp the way Babe Ruth did when he came to bat. After he had larded himself with extra weight, he was an overpowering figure, an enormous body atop two spindling legs. He used to stand with his feet close together, body erect, the bat cocked over his shoulder, his neck thrust slightly forward as he peered at the pitcher from under the long bill of his cap. His attitude, as he prepared to meet a pitch, was solemn and intent. He seemed to be trying to read the printing on the ball in the pitcher's hand. The cut he took, when the ball was thrown in the path that suited him, was murderous. He took a long, sliding stride toward the pitcher and whipped the bat around so fiercely that you would swear you could hear a swishing sound. If he met the ball squarely it flew from the bat so fast that by the time the crack reached the spectators' ears, the ball would already be out over the diamond, like a vagrant star, higher and higher, and diminishing, within half a breath, to a tiny spot of white. What a deep roar used to go up then! It was as if every person in the park had shared with Babe the consummate release that comes from slamming something full in the center.

A large percentage of those who crowded the parks to see Babe Ruth did not appreciate the fact that he was more than just a strong boy who could hit a ball a mile. To them baseball was

just waiting from one home run to the next. But players who worked with or against Ruth knew he was a marvelous fielder who played ball with all his might. He could move swiftly on the base lines as well as on the field. He was never guilty, as Ted Williams, his supposed successor, has been, of loafing on the bases, of jogging home into an easy put-out because he had forgotten how many were out, of flinging his bat about in a pet or neglecting to cover his part of the outfield. He made many a spectacular catch up against the bleacher wall in right field at the Yankee stadium (he played left field in other parks, but left field is the sun field in the stadium).

In one game Babe Ruth made a two-base hit out of a bunt down the third-base line. The defense had shifted far over to the right when he came to bat, and for once he could not resist pushing the ball into the big hole.

Besides being a top-notch pitcher, Babe Ruth knew infield play. Baseball was not just a business to him, nor was he satisfied to be just a slugger. Baseball was his way of living. He knew it as well as any sailor ever knew the sea; his ballplaying was admired as much by ballplayers as by fans.

Four years after Babe Ruth left baseball for good, he put on a uniform to appear in a benefit game in the Yankee stadium, and he filled the stadium full, just as he used to. In fact, it was Ruth who made the stadium, with its three-decker stand, a necessity, just as it was Ruth who boosted the game to new

heights of popularity and set the style that American League baseball has followed ever since.

There were, in the Babe Ruth era, many minor Ruths. There was Lou Gehrig, Babe Ruth's teammate, with whom he quarreled after they had been intimate friends, and from whom Ruth was estranged until just before Gehrig's death. There was Jimmy Foxx, the barrel-chested boy Home-Run Baker discovered in Easton, Md., and who came within two of tying Babe's record of 60 home runs in a season. There was Joe Hauser, who made 65 home runs in one year in the American Association (this does not match Ruth's record, as the Association is a minor league). There was Aloysius Szymanski, known as Al Simmons, the man with the worst batting stance in the leagues (he hit with "one foot in the bucket," that is, pulled away from the plate in the manner of a ball-shy amateur). There was George Sisler, a sharp-eyed, crafty man who shares with Ty Cobb the highest batting average in the American League, and who spent ten years building up the fiction that he could not hit a high inside pitch. (He used to strike out on such pitches occasionally, just so he could count on having the pitchers throw them to him in tight spots.) Then there were Goose Goslin, Harry (the Horse) Heilmann, Paul (Big Poison) Waner, Sunny Jim Bottomley, and Chuck Klein. And all but the top two or three should feel flattered to be mentioned in the same breath with George Herman Ruth.

# How MacArthur Blocked the Reds

By

P. J. BYRNE, M.M.

Condensed from *Plain Talk* \*

Two years ago, Soviet communists were presented with an opportunity in Japan that could hardly have been more to their hearts' desire had Stalin himself drawn up the plans. Recently the Soviet representative left Tokyo "very quietly" to explain a flop to Moscow. There was no telling when he would return, said the papers.

When Commissioner Derevyanko reaches the Kremlin, he faces a tough job of explaining. Topics for discussion will include a two-year record of bad timing, bungled chances, inept strategy, and, underlying all, an incredibly naive unconcern with Japanese psychology. Much may have stemmed from Moscow, but even so the field commander is accountable for the application.

Nowhere was there richer promise of a Red millennium, the harvest so ripe, so much to be gained so cheaply: the control of 77 millions, at the cost of six days of war (from Aug. 9, when Russia declared it, until Aug. 15, when Japan surrendered).

From the American side, every full chance was accorded the communists, for SCAP (Supreme Command of Allied Powers) is setting up a democracy in Japan, and in a democracy even poison must be allowed its play, lest

being confined it becomes more poisonous still. From the side of the Soviets and their directed satellites, every effort was expended on their pet formulas for the mass production of converts.

From the Japanese side, strong factors played in the communists' favor. The Japanese are a docile, regimented people, well broken to political compulsion. Their opinions on governmental matters have been cut and dried for them by the ruling group from time immemorial. In fact, the prewar governing technique of the Japanese was no whit different from the postwar technique of the Soviets.

To set up a democracy demands constructive, individual effort. But the Japanese were not only molded to form, inured to restrictions, bent to the yoke, but they had just been defeated, were dispirited, deadened, wholly disinclined even to try to get out of the rut. Their traditional political subservience made them "a natural" for a speedy, complete communist setup.

About half worked on farms, mostly tenants who have been kept impoverished by the excessive "rents in kind." What's more, they formed the bulk of a defeated army that had re-

turned to find its country ruined by the policies of its landlord class. The majority of the farmers had never owned land. They were ripe for the appeal to own the land in common, to pay to their "common" government the tithe of former rents. In fact, some districts jumped on the wagon before it even started, and hastened to boast of being "100% communistic."

The other half are industrial workers. With nearly all cities destroyed, millions homeless, with no food and no work, nor prospect of either, the community stage was beautifully set for efficient communistic methods of eliminating the curse of private property by mob persuasion.

There were still the wealthy, and they were not few. Many had lost their homes, but many had not. Discredited officials, industrialists, landed proprietors, still had fabulous stocks of food selfishly cached—such were the rumors. There were still many fine roofs, while millions slept in the rain. (Hence, the billeting of American officers in private homes was generally welcomed as a safeguard against expected mob violence.) Even the date was surmised, the winter of '46-47.

All told, it was zero hour for staging the March of Restitution by hungry and homeless workers; for winning the multitudes to communism with the vision of immediate plenty, so long overdue, which would be taken from the ones who had just ruined the whole nation.

The Americans themselves seemed to approve of communism; or to be

afraid of it. It was all extremely puzzling to the Japanese, who have no word meaning "toleration" and that alone. They did not comprehend why any government should accord liberty to a system bent on destroying it. Evidently America was either afraid of communism, or was courting it.

Hadn't America given Russia half Korea and a third of Poland? Was not every concession being made in Europe to Stalin's demands? If America was playing ball with the communists, then the Japanese had better play ball, too.

So the Red man became the bogey man. If a tobacco vendor refused a demand unaccompanied by a ration card, he might well capitulate when told he would be "reported to the Reds." The racket spread. It got many farmers to come across with rice. It was on the highroad to success when the Reds spoiled it themselves by calling for a showdown, that proved the Americans were neither "afraid" nor "a-courting."

Every opportunity was allowed Soviet representatives and their Japanese collaborators to sell communism to the people. Derevyanko complained of many things in meetings of the Four-Nation Advisory council, but never that Soviets were impeded; nor that communist activities were restricted; nor, to crown all, that the elections were not absolutely fair.

The British representative on the council brought in a few secretaries; likewise the Chinese. But the Soviet chief swarmed in with some 235—and

feeling understaffed, raised the number to a reported 498. The whole crowd have had two full years to engage in all the convert-making processes that have proved so effective elsewhere.

The communists in Japan had justification for anticipating a successful campaign. Japanese leaders, returning from self-exile in communist countries, made no secret of optimism. The entire setup could hardly have been more "made to order" by Stalin himself.

However, other factors worked strongly against them. A fairly adequate explanation of the apparent failure of communism in Japan reveals six main reasons.

1. The advantage of having a people schooled to state control, passive, compliant, was weakened at the outset by stirring them up, quite unnecessarily, with demands for the emperor's dethronement. It was a gratuitous irritation, for he had no actual connection with the government. Communist leaders were either indifferent to Japanese feeling or wholly unaware of the genuine affection in which the overwhelming majority hold the emperor. Too late, after it dawned upon the Reds that in decrying the emperor they were merely hurting their own cause, the plank was dropped.

With better understanding of the Japanese, General MacArthur clinched his hold upon their hearts by proving that SCAP and Hirohito could cooperate perfectly for the remaking of the nation, and even found a democracy.

It is obvious that the emperor is more popular than ever before. From being an unapproachable, though revered, near-god, he has stepped down to mix freely with his people. He embodies the tradition that has preserved Japan through the ages, not the tradition that stole power and engineered Japan's ruin. In him people see one like themselves, deceived, but who intervened to save them from total destruction; a fellow-sufferer bombed out of his home; but more, a sovereign who has come close to his children, holds them united, and holds out growing reassurance of a new life. The practical consequence is that the Japanese are working mightily to clear up debris, rebuild homes, stores, workshops, and cities; working steadily, cheerfully, and with traditional regard for orderliness.

2. It would be difficult to see in the Soviet treatment of the Japanese any desire to sell communism. The tremendous asset of a well-disposed farm element was liquidated rapidly by impressing more than a million war prisoners into a slave-labor project in Siberia supposed to last ten years. It may have seemed fairly profitable for one week of war with a defeated army that Siberian mines and farms should get labor for ten years to come; but surely more profitable would be the winning of Japan; and where do communists get their conviction that the quickest way to Japanese hearts is by clubs? Until these boys get back, their relatives will discount Red blessings.

Though starvation has more than

once threatened the Japanese, the Soviets have never allowed them a grain of food from near-by Manchuria with its vast prairie harvests. On the other hand, the Japanese government has on three occasions formally expressed its gratitude to SCAP for thousands of tons of grain, brought over thousands of miles of sea. Though the Japanese face starvation, the Soviets refuse to consider fishing privileges. MacArthur allows ships for whaling.

The Soviet trial balloon "to benefit the working man" in Japan came off like the farce it was. When Derevyan-ko insisted on impressive privileges for the industrial worker, a demand that would have gained much face in the unions, no more was needed to bring down the balloon than the single shot from MacArthur's representative, the late George Atcheson, "Have Russian workers in Moscow those privileges?" There was no reply save deep silence. The average Japanese suspects a strong Red bond between Moscow and Japanese communists and believes that the ruthless calling of a general strike when the people were on the verge of starvation should be blamed on Soviet influence.

And the Soviet opposition to early peace contrasts with the American stand in favor of a self-supporting Japan.

3. Eighty per cent of Japanese farmers are well on their way toward owning farms. As rapidly as formalities can be executed, rent-burdened tenants are becoming masters of their own little domains. They are today the

most envied persons in Japan. In the year between the last two elections, the communists lost a million votes. The land reform seems to have gotten ahead of the Reds.

4. Adoption of the new constitution embodying articles repugnant to the communist program, such as retention of the emperor; recognition of individual rights, including private property; and family rights, is another and a strong nail in the lid.

5. The initial advantage arising from the impression that Americans "favored" communism, whether from fear or admiration, did not long endure. While it lasted it was an asset, which might have served longer than it did but for Derevyan-ko, who seemed to feel that every meeting of the council demanded a violent attack on the policies of SCAP.

The disputes, which the Soviet chief never seemed to win, were always broadcast widely, and more than anything convinced the public that the idea of MacArthur favoring communism was a myth and a fable. There thus dawned the comprehension of the term "toleration," as distinct from "approval."

6. American treatment of the Japanese has been such that GI's have won a genuine liking; the army staffs, a sincere and hearty cooperation; MacArthur himself, actual veneration. More than half a million GI's engaged in the greatest selling show in history, without knowing it. They were not self-conscious, nor deliberately calling attention to their ware—democracy,

but simply being their unaffected selves. Propaganda told the Japanese that the Americans would storm in as cruel, rapacious avengers. Then came the sequel. The Americans landed, and were discovered to be relaxed, sociable, helpful, friendly.

The Japanese place blame not on Americans who did the bombing, but on their own government that, with chance of victory gone, still refused to end the destruction by surrendering. All the terrific bombing that wrecked the country came after the war had been decided. As city after city was razed, the Japanese grew more bitter against the government. There was no public protest, no concerted action, for the police knew how to deal with "traitors."

The atom bomb saved the government's face, or rather let it so pretend. But the people weren't interested in the face business; they were too heartily relieved that the senseless war was ended. That was how the Americans, who came as invaders, were astonished to find themselves accepted as liberators.

As each nationality came to know the other better, each realized it hadn't known the other very well. The majority of the GI's are now boosters of the Japanese as simple, hard-working, family-loving, likable people, bearing resentment for the destruction of their country only against the war lords who invited it.

The work of various army staffs and civilian assistants, however, was not effected in the subconscious zone

but was purposeful and comprehensive in every field. Its scope was really gigantic, for it proposed to take apart a militant nation and put together a democratic one.

Part of the work was negative, punitive, medicinal; the repatriation of prisoners, disarmament, the purging of war bosses, war educators, war textbooks, the audit for reparations. It was the uprooting of the old, the excavating for the foundation of the democracy. It has been accomplished.

Part of the work was positive, constructive, the actual building of the democratic structure; giving government to all the people; to the farmers, equity; to workers, collective privilege; overseeing reforms in every category—education, law, finance, hygiene, social services.

Army staffs have progressed to the point of envisioning departure in the not distant future, with the peace pact effected. Supervision may be needed for some years by civilian experts. But the main job will have been done; the army staffs will have set up, with the eager cooperation of the Japanese themselves, an actual, working democracy in the four islands. And the Japanese people, in their recent election, chose for their head, despite intense communist opposition, a man who is a conservative and a Christian.

The climax and confirmation of the army's achievement may well be dated by historians as of May 3, 1947, when the new constitution went into effect. It was a tremendous moment for Japan, introducing a new era in its hith-

erto unbroken history of "absolute" monarchy (direct or by proxy). The new constitution, expressing the ideals and confirming the privileges of true democracy, was written by the Japanese themselves and voted freely by themselves, but it would never have been written, never adopted, except for that determined army drive from the Solomons to Tokyo that had finally won for those people their priceless privilege of sovereignty.

Were the question posed, "What single influence has been most conducive to winning the Japanese to democracy, or most obstructive to communist plans?" the answer would be: the supreme commander of the Allied Powers, Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

MacArthur has served in the Philippines and Japan and now is regarded by each country as its liberator. The grateful Filipino government has authorized issuance of coins and stamps bearing his likeness, with the inscription, "Defender—Liberator." It takes no prophet to foresee the Japanese honoring him in the same way, for he has freed them from totalitarian slavery, saved them more than once from mass starvation, and defended them successfully against a Red rampage of riot and ruin. But MacArthur has not unfairly restricted the activities of Japanese communists, nor the Soviets in Japan. They accuse him of no unfairness, no abuse of office, no unmerited restraint. They have been accorded every due liberty.

MacArthur smashed to bits the traditional Japanese ideal of soldierly,

heroic perfection. In the first place, he failed to commit suicide after Bataan. That proved conclusively (with his 1st-war record ignored) that he was a poor type. Everybody knew that any military leader worthy of his office always forestalled the disgrace of retreat by suicide, enshrining himself forever in the hall of fame, a noble example to be cited to the children. Hara-kiri was the supreme adjuster.

MacArthur didn't measure up; he stayed alive; he was better ignored, forgotten. There came vague rumors from Australia; there were sporadic intimations of South Sea landings. But the general's constellation had definitely set. Then came an astounding explosion, in October, 1944, that rocked the Japanese world. MacArthur had landed on Leyte! He who had been discredited, buried in obloquy, had come to life again, had come to the Philippines again, and with the avowed purpose of driving the Japanese out! Houma swore it couldn't be done. Yamashita, the "Tiger of Malay," was rushed over to prove it couldn't be. All Japanese tradition guaranteed that it couldn't be done. But it was done. It devastatingly ridiculed the long-cherished ideal of suicide as the only honorable counter to retreat or military loss. Other traditions began to crack. Soon, the whole structure of military ideals and dogmas came tumbling down; after long centuries of rule as absolute, even divine, truths they became recognized for myths. That Japanese soldiers never retreated, never surrendered,

never lost; that the fervid intensity of the Japanese spirit could overcome the mightiest guns, the deadliest planes; and finally that special divine protection made the homeland inviolate.

The old version of "the power of mind over matter" failed to survive Iwo Jima, Okinawa, the blasting of the homeland. The last traditional plank supporting the militarists tottered and fell when the direct descendant of the Sun Goddess surrendered to the soldier from Wisconsin.

The emperor's greatest foe left the emperor untouched. He confined the betrayers, but allowed them counsel for their defense. He conferred, even upon the political party that would use them in opposition, the same liberties. He gave the people possession of their own farms, but bound to a just price; he encouraged unions, but forbade their use for common woe. And this was not rumor nor hearsay.

Thrice he saved the people from mass starvation. In setting up their government, he defended them from

the enemy within. He was strict in cancelling their power for war, but supplied every help to restore their self-sufficiency for peace. Seven days of every week, for two unbroken years, he has given his best to his job.

His own actual sovereignty was displayed but rarely, and then only when need dictated it. He was the very first to request that it be brought to an early end, as no longer required for a nation responsibly established in self-government and now entitled to the speedy conclusion of peace.

The Japanese have the word for it, *Kami*. It does not mean *divine* in the western sense, but it implies more than the ordinary run of mortal.

Esteemed generally by the Japanese people as the embodiment of the ideals of democracy, he is enshrined in their hearts as liberator, counselor, guide and friend, and credited by them with the largest personal share in the regeneration of their nation. Small wonder that the Japanese have come to regard MacArthur as providentially sent in their greatest need.



### *Planned But Not Spaced*

TRIPLETS are enough of a rarity to warrant a newspaper item regardless of the prominence or obscurity of the parents. The birth of triplets to a woman in Pittsburgh, Pa., was especially newsworthy and not a little embarrassing to the parents. The mother, Mrs. James H. Elkins, happens to be vice-president of the Pittsburgh Planned Parenthood Clinic.

T. J. McInerney.

\*\*\*\*\* *Diplomacy begins at home* \*\*\*\*\*

# United Nations, Jr.

By JOSEPH A. BREIG & FAMILY

Condensed from the *Missionary Servant*\*



**W**HAT is wrong with the world's diplomacy is that the families aren't large enough. Children no longer learn conspiracy in the cradle. The result is that youngsters grow up to be poor statesmen because they have never so much as outwitted a pack of brothers and sisters, or put one over on Papa. What kind of statesman is one who has never learned to make other people think that they want to do what he wants them to do?

I point for example to the famous diplomatic duel between young Joey and young Grant, when each was five. Joey is my son.

That is, he's mine when he neglects to wash his neck or gallops through the tulip bed strewing ruin. He's my wife's when visitors tell us what a handsome young fellow he is, or when he comes home from school with the prize for reading or catechism. Anyhow, he's our son. Grant is the son of the folks across the alley. I will absolve him in advance of the stigma of his defeat by Joey, because he hadn't a chance. He has only one sister, and she's so much older that he never had to compete with her. He came into the fray without any basic training; and, of course, he lost.

They were watching me painting screens. Grant, who had just been scrubbed and starched by his mother, insisted on edging closer and closer. I predict for him a brilliant future as a sidewalk superintendent.

Joey grew alarmed. "Tand back, Gwant," he warned, "or you'll get 'plashed."

Grant had had quite enough. It was time, he felt, that this annoying character be put in his place. He pushed down the obstructing arm, and inquired, "What did you say?" "I said," replied Joey, "you'll get 'plashed."

Grant looked him up and down pityingly. His chin lifted disdainfully. With a maddening air of superiority, he hissed, "Not 'plashed! S-s-splashed!" He contrived to utter the last word so that he shouted it without losing the hiss. Then he stood back expecting to see his opponent crushed.

He was disappointed. Joey affected not to have heard. He resumed his inspection of my painting. As man-to-man, he remarked that I was doing a very good job, although the paint was running a bit here and there. Presently he sauntered to a bench and sat down, inspecting the sky with great concentration.

Grant wandered over. A few idle remarks were exchanged, and finally Joey inquired with a vast innocence, "Gwant, where are we?" Grant looked at him astonished. He considered the question, weighing its possibilities.

Grant pondered for a while, and presently replied, "Where are we? Why, we're in the back 'ard."

Joey turned on him a withering look. He paused for effect, took a deep breath, "Not 'ard. Y-y-yard!"

The score, some might say, was even. But those who say this are not students of international diplomacy. In politics, which we called statesmanship in moments of dignity, it is the last word that counts. The public forgets what has gone on before. It cheers and follows the chap who can capture the woman's privilege, have his say, and stalk away from the microphone leaving his opponent spluttering for words.

I will leave it to the United Nations whether Joey didn't have the better of the encounter. And the point which I wish to make is that this was not because of any superior native intelligence. It was because Joey had been through the mill. He had had to devise ways and means of circumventing two sisters, one mother, one grandmother, and doting aunts too numerous to mention.

I remember the devious stratagem by which he achieved permission to carry a knife. First came the propaganda campaign, the war of nerves. He carried it into the enemy camp.

He insinuated to his mother that a boy without a knife was serving his hell on earth. He made sallies at various aunts, pestering them to sharpen his pencils or whittle gadgets for him. Whenever a problem of repairs arose around the house, he would drop broad observations to the effect that if only he had a knife in his pocket he could lend it to whoever was trying to fix whatever needed fixing. Finally, he carried the attack to Grandma herself, without success.

Finally he achieved a pyrrhic victory. Some aunt or other came triumphantly into the house with what looked like an enormous clasp knife. Joey's eyes bulged out as she handed it to him. "Here's a present for you, Joey." He uttered a squeal of joy and ran outside to find a stick. He opened the knife, tried to whittle, and discovered to his unutterable horror that the blade was rubber. Joey stuck the rubber knife into his pocket and said nothing. But the wheels were going around furiously in his head.

His strategy was perfected by the time I got home from work. "Hi, Daddy," he quoth, with a dispirited air. "Look what Auntie Jean gave me."

From his pocket he fished out the rubber monstrosity and handed it over, smiling with an infinite sadness, like a man who has been wounded to the quick and is enduring his sufferings in brave, sorrowful silence.

"Joey," I said.

"Yes, Daddy." Hopefully.

"This knife is just a rubber one."

"I know, Daddy." Resignedly.

"If I give you a real knife, will you promise not to open it except when I'm with you?"

"Oh, yes, Daddy!" fervently.

"And you'll let me teach you how to use it? Always to whittle away from yourself, and make sure nobody's near you?"

"Yes, Daddy!" Devoutly.

"And you'll never, never open it until I tell you you've learned how to use it? And you'll never run with it or whittle furniture or anything like that?"

"Yes!" Like a man taking the oath of office as President of the U. S.

"All right. Joey, how would you like to have Grandpa's knife?"

"Gwandpa's!" Incredulously.

"Come with me to Grandma's room."

We put it over. We outtalked Grandma and Mommy and Mary and Betty and assorted aunts. We won the war, hands down, and it ended with Joey strutting grandly from the room with Grandpa's knife secure in his pocket.

How did we do it?

We did it by knowing psychology.

We did it because both Joey and I had long since graduated from that tough school of superdiplomacy known as the Family.

I got Grandma to talking about my boyhood. I led her around to my first knife. I trapped her into reminiscences about my happiness. I tricked her into admission that I had never cut myself to any notable degree, and that my

ecstatic happiness had been well worth a few bandaged fingers.

Then we sprang the proposition, and before she realized what had happened, she was handing over the knife.

Mommy capitulated to similar methods that night, in the pre-bedtime chat which is the General Assembly of the little United Nations forming our family.

It is not only the child who learns the art of conspiracy in the bosom of the numerous family. Preeminently it is the parents, and above all the father.

The other day I discovered, with considerable trepidation, that Joey was no longer a daily communicant. He had been one in the 2nd grade, and now in the 3rd grade he wasn't. I reconnoitered.

Joey, I learned, was going to Mass, but wasn't going to Communion because no other boy in the school did. That was the real reason, although he offered others, for instance, that he was so absorbed in prayer at Communion time that he didn't notice until other folks had gone up the aisle. I took this with a grain of salt, not having noticed any evidence of ecstasies in him.

Still, I appreciated the childish shrinking from conspicuousness that was keeping him in his seat. This called for diplomatic maneuverings of the most delicate nature.

One evening I discovered that I wanted to walk the eight blocks to the business district to buy something or other. Mention of the possibility of

ice cream won me two enthusiastic hiking companions.

What with one thing and another, the conversation got around to religion. After a preliminary remark or two, I propounded the question, "Kids, do you know what's the greatest thing an angel can do?"

Both started to talk at once, but I nudged Betty into silence. "The angels take care of us and work for God," said Joey.

"But what's the greatest thing they can do?" I persisted.

"Do something for God," replied Joey with theological exactitude. "The angel Michael," he went on, "led the army and drove the devils out of heaven. That other angel—what's his name?"

"Gabriel."

"The angel Gabriel told the blessed Virgin that God wanted to be her little Boy. Is that the biggest thing an angel can do?"

"No," said I. "Look up. See all the stars and the moon? Do you know what an angel could do if God told him to? He could move the stars and sun and moon and world anywhere he wanted to. That's something big, isn't it?"

"Gee," said Betty, "I'll say it is."

"But," I finished impressively, "the biggest thing an angel can do is to go to Mass."

They looked at me, their wide eyes shining in the moonlight. They trudged along silently, pondering. Presently I continued, "Did you ever think that nobody but people can go to Communion, and that no king nor president can do anything more important?"

They shook their heads silently.

"What," I asked after he had walked a block without speaking, "what is the greatest thing that God Himself can do?"

They shook their heads. They were not taking any chances on that question.

"The greatest thing that even God can do," I told them, "is to offer and accept the Mass. Because the Mass is God offering Himself to God. Not even God can do anything greater than that."

Presently we were eating ice cream, and then trudging homeward. The next evening, when I came home from work, I was informed that Joey had received Communion and was going to do so again the next morning.



### *Papal OPA*

IN 1189 a Bull of Clement III confirmed an already existing ordinance forbidding masters or scholars to offer to the landlord a higher rent for a house already inhabited by scholars.

From *The Universities in the Middle Ages* by Hastings R. Rashdall (1895: Oxford).

*Silence below decks*

# DEATH *Among the DEAD*

By JAMES R. REUTER, S.J.

Condensed from a pamphlet\*

**H**E DIED in the hold, half-naked, lying on the floor in the darkness and filth, among men who were too accustomed to death and too near death themselves to make any fuss over him. When he was dead, they stripped the body, giving what clothes he had to the living, and then they dragged the corpse into the patch of light underneath the hatchway. They left it there until six bodies accumulated.

Then the boatswain, whose duty it was, tied a running bowline around the knees and a half-hitch around the neck, looked up, and called, "All right. Take it away." The rope tightened, and the body of Carl W. J. Hausmann rose slowly up the shaft of sunlight, gaunt, bronzed, naked, while the men watched dully, wondering when they would go up that way too. The body bumped against the hatch and slid out of sight. They could hear the shuffle of feet and the jabber of Japanese as it was dragged across the deck and stacked near the railing with the other American dead.

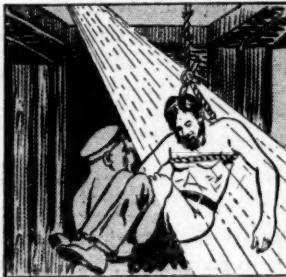
A sailor said, "It's

tough. He was a good man. He knew Japanese."

Carl Hausmann died as an officer in the Army of the U. S.; the citation the government eventually sent to his mother never mentioned the fact that he was a chaplain, a priest—but he had come down into the tropics as a missionary. He had once been pastor to the lepers on Culion in the Philippines. And it was not only Japanese he knew; he could speak ten languages.

When he organized the lepers' glee club on Culion, the singers could not always understand each other, because they came from different islands and spoke different languages. But they all understood Carl. He was their bond of union. In him they were united. He taught the tenors in Tagalog, the basses in Visayan, the very old in Spanish, and the very young in English. He had a natural gift of tongues.

In the prison camps of Mindanao, merely by listening to the guards and asking them questions, he learned a little Japanese. With his Japa-



\*He Kept Silence in Seven Languages. 1947. Queen's Work Press, 3115 S. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, 18, Mo.

nese grammar he learned swiftly, because his mind was calm, orderly, peaceful.

After his ordination as a priest of the Society of Jesus he was sent to the tropics. His first job was procurator and teacher of Greek in a Philippine novitiate. It was not quite the way he had dreamed it: studying native dialects at night by the light of a kerosene lamp, stripped to the waist, with a towel around his neck to soak up the sweat; balancing books and checking over bills before he went to bed; waking to stare at the white mosquito net and wonder where the money would come from to keep the novitiate going; listening to the lizards on the wall calling, "Gecko! Gecko!" He had not contemplated Mass before daylight amid a buzzing of bugs, pronouncing the words of Consecration while holding one hand over the chalice to prevent the insects from falling into it; watching roaches at breakfast crawling across the table, climbing up the coffee pot; walking in the morning sun in the white dust of a road, his sweat-soaked cassock plastered against his back, to teach catechism; chopping down the cogon grass with the native laborers, grass that grew to be 12 feet high, and blushing when he paid the men 50¢ a day. He had not looked forward to reading his office on his knees in the chapel in the early afternoon, regularly, every day, for two years, while the bright sun beat down on the tin roof and the white heat stood still around him—immersed in heat, bathed in it, breathing it, then

the darkness and coolness of the rain; teaching Greek in the evening to bright-eyed young Filipinos while the rain washed the windows and drummed on the bamboo walls—that was nice; waking to the rain for six months on end—the constant sound and smell of it as it fell steadily night and day, dripping from the roof.

But Carl liked the tropics, and the Filipinos liked him, his calmness, the humor in his eyes, his patient grin, his willingness to work and learn, the breadth of his shoulders, his gentleness in the classroom. He was a big, lean man, and strong; but in class he was as understanding as a mother, blaming himself if ever his pupils did not get the matter.

The priests who lived with him sometimes sank into chairs in the recreation room and damned the world in general, grumbling about the meals, the monotony, their schedule, rain, heat. This is the privilege of men who are working hard. They don't really mean it, and it seems to make them feel better. But in those sessions Carl Hausmann would say nothing at all. He would sit in silence memorizing Tagalog or Visayan words from little slips of paper which he carried in all his pockets. He never protested about anything. The only thing he did not like about his job was that it was too easy.

He volunteered for Culion. Once he had read an article by a woman traveler who had paid a flying visit to a leper colony in China. She reported in a gush of fervor that lepers were the

happiest people in the world, because, having nothing else to live for, they turned completely to God. He wondered . . . ? He arrived at the island, and it was not true. Lepers are like everybody else.

Years later his memories of the colony were not all beautiful: the eyes of the old sick ones as they watched a new shipload of patients coming; the shrewdness and greed in their high shrill voices as they tried to establish some distant relationship with a strong small boy, so that they could take him to their hut and have him work for them; the anger of the young men when the nuns set up a protective dormitory for girls; the sallow faces peering in through the bars, cursing the Sisters; the lepers on their beds who laughed at him and said, "If there is a God, then why do we suffer so?"; the leper sitting on the edge of his bed in the early morning, receiving Communion—the later startling discovery that he had not been to confession in years, and his indifferent shrug, saying, "Well, why not? You give. I take"; the sullen lepers who went out on the sea in tiny fishing boats, working savagely in the sun, so that the fever would take them and they would die.

But there were sweet things, too: his glee club and the orchestra; the young lepers who wept for their sins and begged for a great penance because they wanted to be good; giving Communion to the little children whose heads would not come up above the altar rail—they stood with

their hands folded across their breasts, with the leprosy in their faces and innocence in their eyes; the gratitude of the bad cases in the hospital when he came to them each day; the smile of the sick when he spoke to them in their own tongue; the quiet tears when he anointed them; the last pressure of their hands on his just before they died; the eyes that followed him through the wards, worshiping eyes, so grateful that there were still good men in the world; the sudden deep resolve to pray more, and work harder, to be worthy of these lepers who loved him; back home repairing the roof on his chapel as the sun went down; the little shiver of satisfaction, the feeling of strength and power that comes from working with your own hands; writing the history of the colony in the evening; writing to his mother in German; reading Greek, because he liked it; the moonlit nights by the sea, when the children of lepers, born on the island but born clean, took his hand and asked him questions about Manila and New York and lands other than Culion.

He felt when he went to bed that the work was good, that he was doing something. He probably would have felt the same toward any souls that came under his care; it just happened that the lepers were assigned to him. Still his heartstrings were all wound around Culion when finally his transfer came. Gaunt, drawn, sick, he did not want to go. Superiors had sent him there, and superiors took him away. He stood in the back of the boat,

and the children sang for him on the shore, and he watched the island until it was a line on the face of the sea, until it was gone.

Mindanao, which was his destination, is not the largest tropical island in the world, but it is very big. It has an area of 36,000 square miles and a population of nearly  $\frac{1}{2}$  million. Its southern tip lies about  $5\frac{1}{2}$ ° north of the equator. It contains Mohammedan Moros, famous for head-hunting, and wild black dwarfs called Negritos, famous for poisonous blowpipes. The island has cities, of course, with schools and colleges, hundreds of thousands of good Filipino Catholics. But large chunks of Mindanao are marked on the map as unexplored. Most of the people live in tiny towns and villages called *barrios*, buried in the hills, and it is a priest's job to get to them. Some priests are able to rattle cheerfully over the mountains in flivvers which civilization has long since abandoned; some ride through the passes on horseback; the Belgians go by bicycle. Carl walked.

His new parish was all mountains and jungle, with swamps springing up in the rainy season. He could get to the villages much faster on foot through the forest paths than by the circuitous route of the roads.

It was here that the war closed in on him. The first real signs that he saw and heard were Japanese planes roaring low over the trees. For months our army fought on Mindanao coasts without air or artillery support. Then the Americans began a slow, bloody

retreat back into the interior hills. In a town called Impulatao they set up a base hospital, to which they carried the wounded from Digos, Davao, and Zamboanga. The chief surgeon was Doctor Davis, newly enlisted in the army. He had been a civilian, practicing in Negros, until the war swept over the islands. The hospital had no chaplain at all. Then one morning as he was driving in toward the town, the doctor saw a tall, lean figure striding along the road ahead of him, dressed in a white cassock. The doctor pulled up alongside, and said, "Where to?"

"Hospital," said Carl.

"What do you want to go to the hospital for?"

"I thought that they might need a priest."

They did need him badly, because the Americans were losing on all fronts; more wounded were pouring into the hospital than the staff could handle, and he was the only priest. Eventually, at the request of the hospital commanding officer and with the permission of his own superior, he became a regular military chaplain. They inducted him formally. Two days later the army surrendered, the Japanese came in, and he was a prisoner of war.

Carl's career as a captive began when the stocky, confident, slant-eyed little guards marched all the Americans into a barbed-wire pen at Impulatao in Mindanao. It wasn't so bad at first. Carl had never set much stock on food. He didn't mind the rice. He

built a wooden altar in the barracks, with tabernacle, and said Mass for the men every morning.

But then they were transferred to the penal colony at Davao to work in the rice fields. This was not so good: rations down to rice and greens; constant hunger; long days in the sun, no water to bathe in, not enough water to drink; skin disease and dysentery—dysentery, the curse of every prison camp in the tropics, wasting big men down to bony frames with yellow skin and sunken eyes; hundreds of sweating men sleeping close together like galley slaves; roll call in the morning, the burial of the dead.

Here Carl began to put wine into his chalice with an eyedropper, pronouncing the words of Consecration over a small host, giving the men tiny fragments for Communion. He tried to stretch the hosts and wine, because no one knew how long the war would last. It was two years already. Then the altar breads ran out, and Mass stopped altogether.

The labor crews went into the rice fields in orderly rotation, so that each man would have regular days to rest. The major in charge of Carl's barracks, who later died with him on the boat, noticed that Carl was always in the fields, substituting on his rest days for other men. The major didn't like it. He himself was in charge of assigning men to work details, because the Japanese merely demanded a certain amount of work from each barracks, and they didn't care who did it. Because the major thought he had made

a just distribution of labor, he questioned Carl about those whose places he was taking. "They're sick," said Carl, "and they can't work."

"He said they were sick," the major repeated, months later, in the hold of the ship, "and my God, you should have seen him! His body was a mass of festering scabs from rice rash."

Late in June, 1944, the Davao prisoners were shipped north to Cabanatuan on Luzon. It was a big camp, filled with the survivors of Bataan and Corregidor. They worked on a Japanese airdrome. Carl was bearded and bronze as a native now, indistinguishable in the truckloads of half-naked men who were carried at dawn each day from the camp to the airfield. He was just another laborer in a crowd of laborers, pushing a wheelbarrow in the sun. He was just another bent back shoveling shale, one more mouth in the rice line, one more hungry American soldier climbing back into the Japanese truck at night, standing, waiting while the others packed in too, until their bodies pressed close together, jolting back to the barracks in the darkness with his arms thrown across the shoulders of his fellow prisoners, too tired to talk. At night he was like everyone else too: he prayed for freedom and dreamed of food.

But there was an altar at Cabanatuan, and hosts and wine, and every morning by candlelight he said Mass. That made him different. It left a glow within him which lasted through the day. He said Mass so reverently that even the other priests were impressed,

and non-Catholics came to watch him. Catholics called him "St. Joseph." Non-Catholics called him "the Holy Ghost." They did not mean to be irreverent. It was merely their way of indicating that to them he stood for the whole of Christianity, for religion in general, for God.

When men met him, they began immediately to think of heaven and hell and their own private sins. One survivor who knew him only slightly said, "Maybe he was too much at home with God. He was so thoroughly in the state of grace that it made the rest of us feel unclean, uncomfortable. It's not natural for a man to give away his food when he is starving, to work for someone else when he himself can hardly stand up. Holiness is an easy thing to hate, and he was holy, but we liked him."

He never complained, fought back, nor cursed his captors. He never even lost his temper with the kleptomaniac in the camp who stole his Mass kit and offered to sell it back to him piece by piece. He obeyed superior officers immediately and without question. General Sharp testifies that he was a splendid soldier.

Once he resisted the guards. It was a gray morning late in November, 1944, in the stone courtyard of Old Bilibid penitentiary, Manila. He was saying Mass. It was his fourth prison camp and his 31st month as a prisoner. He had no shoes, but he still had vestments and a missal, and a Filipina woman had sent wine and hosts through a Japanese colonel. Barefoot,

bearded, with the men kneeling behind him on the stones, and his corporal spread on a packing box, he had just begun the Consecration when the siren sounded. It meant they were under air raid, that American planes were over the city, and prisoners should get to their cells.

The men scattered reluctantly, while Carl went on with the Mass. A guard barked at him, but he stood with his eyes on the Host and did not move. The guard came up, barked again, and struck him with the butt of his rifle. Carl would not move. A seaman who saw the thing says the guard flew into a sudden wild rage and began to club the priest, beating him with the rifle butt for a full ten minutes. The sailor's estimate of time during a crisis like that is probably not reliable; such a ten-minute beating should have killed him. Other prisoners ran shouting into the courtyard, and the angry guard left the altar to drive them back. When he had gone, Carl finished the Consecration of the chalice, consumed the Body and Blood, and went back to his cell.

Toward mid-December, 1944, the Japanese shipped 1,619 prisoners of war out of Manila bay, out into the China sea, in a liner called the *Oroyku Maru*. It was bound for Japan, but American submarines sighted it before it had cleared the mouth of the harbor. American planes bombed and strafed it for a night and a day, driving it in toward shore, until it ran aground off Alongapo in Subic bay. There the planes came in low and planted three

bombs squarely in the rear hold. There was panic below decks, and the prisoners made a bolt for the ladders, swarming one over the other up to the hatchway. The terrified Japanese turned machine guns on them, firing point-blank, forcing them back into the bowels of the ship.

Then the *Oroyku Maru* caught fire, the ammunition exploded, and the Japanese began to push off in lifeboats. At last the prisoners were allowed to abandon ship too, and they poured up into the morning sunlight, wild-eyed, half-starved, most of them wounded. They went over the side into the sea. The water was cool, calm, green in the tropic sun, and Carl Hausmann swam easily through the oil and wreckage, feeling the smart of the salt water in his wounds, cheering as the American planes dove and fountains of flame sprang from the *Oroyku Maru*.

It was a swim of only 500 yards, and some of the men dreamed of escape into the hinterland. But a division of Japanese infantry was encamped on shore. When Carl crawled up on the beach, they had already set up a perimeter around the strip of white sand; and wherever he looked, little yellow men sat silently behind their machine guns, waiting for someone to make a break. It was sinister and dramatic, like a moving picture, only it was real.

After a while, they were marched off to a tennis court, where they stayed for a week without cover, roasting in the sun by day and shivering on the cement by night in the swift temperature change common in the tropics.

The heat and cold seemed only a little thing, but it is what those who went through it remember most. It was worse than hunger and thirst. Four times during the seven days each man received one tablespoonful of raw rice. There was no other food and very little water. They buried their dead in the soft dirt beside the court.

The living were packed into a freighter; Carl was assigned to a spot low in the stern, above the propeller shaft. It was a lucky position.

Off Takao in Formosa the bombers came again, and scored a direct hit in the forward hold. The Japanese looked down at the bloody mess, at the welter of wounded and dying and dead in the hold. Then they locked the hatch and kept it locked for 48 hours as the ship limped into port. The forward hold was filled with agony. At night it was pitch black, with the living pinned beneath the corpses, and the blood of the dead running down over them, and the wounded crying for help, and no one able to help anyone else.

At dawn the light trickled through cracks in the deck; but with it came the sight of bodies, the sight of open wounds and the faces of the dying. With the sun came the heat and the stench. Men wept with pain and crept up the steel ladder and beat on the cover of the hatch, begging to be released. That is why the papers called this a hell ship.

There was no relief for ten days. Then in the harbor a barge came alongside with a boom and tackle and cargo net, and the Japanese opened the

hatch. Of the 500 men who were in that hold, only seven were still alive.

Carl lay on the deck in the sunlight and watched the wire net rise out of the hold, filled with the naked bodies of his friends. The net swung over the side and down to the barge, dumping its load in a tangle of arms and legs and upturned faces. It came back empty, throwing its shadow across the deck, and dipped again into the hold. The barge was overloaded when finally it made for shore, where the prisoners who were living tied ropes around the ankles of the dead and dragged them up on the beach, leaving them there for Japanese cremation.

Actually the rest of the voyage was so ghastly that solid, sober citizens have to read four accounts of it by independent witnesses before they begin to believe it. The deliberate starvation, each man receiving every three days half a cup of rice and a quarter of a cup of water; naked men sleeping in sitting posture, with their heads down and their arms around their knees like Indian fakirs praying; the boatswain making the rounds in the gray light of morning, putting his hands on each man to see if he was alive or dead; the bodies being hauled out of the hold; old grudges coming to the fore in the darkness; suicide and murder.

A young pharmacist's mate crept over to a cluster of warrant officers and said, "Look. I've lost my nerve. The fellows in my bay are plotting to kill me." They told him it was his imagination, a case of nerves, that he must

follow the general order and go back to his bay. He shook his head and said, "It's not my imagination." But he went back. And in the morning they found him dead, with his stomach slit open.

A navy chaplain kept reading aloud from his Bible. If ever you have had this done to you when you were under strain, hour after hour, you know what a torture it is. The men around him cursed and gritted their teeth and stopped their ears. But suddenly the chaplain screamed, began to tear the pages out of the book, and throw them around the hold, wildly. He bolted for the ladder and got halfway up before the men pulled him back and tied him down.

A sailor tried to slip up that ladder at night. There were three quick shots from the guard, and the body slumped back into the hold.

Flies and stench and festering wounds. The four cans which the Japanese had given them to use as latrines were filled and flowing over, dysentery, diarrhea, filth everywhere. Father Cummings standing up in the hold, strong and praying; Father Cummings too weak to pray any more; Father Cummings dead, his body being hauled out of the hold, up into the light; Father Duffy delirious in a corner, demanding they bring him ham and eggs; heat, suffocation, fever—a man going mad with thirst and knifing his neighbor, slashing his wrists and sucking his blood before the boy was dead; the bodies being hauled out of the hold—hunger and

thirst, madness and blank despair.

It was in this dark hold, where he had absolved so many sinners, that Father Hausmann made his own last confession, was sorry for all his sins, blessed himself, and died.

In the pocket of his ragged shorts, after the body had been hauled up on deck, they found his rosary and his stole, the only things he had saved.

It is not certain that he was buried in the Japanese sea. At one moment the corpses were stacked near the rail-

ing; a little later, when one of the men was brought up on deck, they were gone. There was no sign of them, not even in the sea. Some of the bodies were long dead and should have floated. The man saw streaks on the deck from the spot near the railing to the hatch which led to the boiler room. Perhaps the Japanese, who needed fuel badly, used the bodies to stoke the ship on toward Japan.

It was a strange ending for such a gentle, quiet priest.



### Kid Stuff

THE bishop administering Confirmation evidently could not resist calling on one little lassie who persisted in waving her hand wildly at each query. Pointing her out, he asked, "And what will God say to those who have led a very good life and who come before Him to be judged?"

"Come to heaven with Me!" the girl said brightly.

"And what about those who led a very bad life?"

"Depart from Me!"

"And," continued the bishop, "what about those who are not good enough for heaven nor bad enough for the other place? What will He say to them?"

"Oh," said the youngster smugly, "He'll say, 'I'll be seeing you!'"

W. H. Ready.



THE Sister who was teaching 1st grade had carefully explained the flight into Egypt and the return to Nazareth. But one of the children got the problems of today mixed up with the Scripture story. He repeated the story well enough to the class until he got to the conclusion.

"Then," he said, "the angel came to Joseph in Egypt and told him he could go home now. But Joseph was surprised and said, 'What? Go on back, when we just got settled here?'"

From *Along the Way* (NCWC) by Daniel A. Lord (16 Jan. '48).



LITTLE Pat Sullivan is three. He was identifying his members, "Fingers, hands, wrists, elbows." Then the two little hands were raised to his shoulders, and he concluded knowingly, "Holy Ghosts!"

Mrs. P. J. Mulrooney.

# Our Lady of Skeet of the Wayside

By JOHN LADD

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger*\*



**A** SHOT punctuated the Sabbath stillness of Portola valley. Then another! And another! The reports reverberated across the peaceful California landscape, and echoed in the tiny rough-board chapel in the farther field where the redwood grove masked the view.

The young priest saying Mass started at the sound. The small congregation, chiefly toil-worn folk from the neighboring fruit orchards, stirred uneasily in their devotions. The priest bit his lip. He was a stocky, pleasant-looking young man, who came down from Menlo every Sunday during the season to bring the Word of God to itinerant fruit-pickers. He hesitated, then, with a firm voice, proceeded with the Mass. The shots continued.

After Mass, the young priest, still in his cassock, made his way across the stubbled fields to where the guns echoed. As he approached, other sounds mingled with the reports, the crash of bursting clay, the sudden shouts and laughter of men. He came through the fringing trees and paused.

The grassy field had been neatly

leveled. Two tiny wooden shacks flanked it, about 40 yards apart. Midway between them were eight large circles, clearly marked in chalk. A group of men, with guns, were lounging and laughing in the field. Even as the young priest paused, one of them, gray-haired and distinguished, stepped into a circle, raised his gun.

"Pull!" shouted another man. Instantly two disks came whirling from the opposite shacks, rushing with rotary motion high in the air toward each other. The man in the chalked circle quickly aimed. Bang! One of the clay disks broke, fell in a shower of shards to the ground. The shooter shot again. Bang! The second disk disintegrated in midair.

The watchers cheered excitedly. "Bulls-eyes, Judge! Both of them!"

The young priest relaxed. "It's skeet," he murmured to himself—a special form of trap-shooting just becoming popular in 1912. With a twinkle in his eye and a faint smile on his lips he stepped out of the sheltering grove and advanced upon the group.

They stopped their laughter and stared at him. "Gentlemen," said he

gravely, though the twinkle persisted, "I find my sermons are punctuated in the most awkward places by the sound of shots coming from your skeet range. You distract my congregation. If you would therefore do me the favor of telling me at what hour you quit your sport, I shall try to celebrate Mass at a time that will not interfere with your pleasure."

The men looked at the priest with sudden contrition. The distinguished-looking shooter, whom the others had addressed as Judge, stepped forward. "Please accept our apologies, Father," he said with deep feeling. "We didn't know there was a Catholic church in the neighborhood."

"Well, it's hardly a church," murmured the priest, smiling. "It's just a small chapel that good people around here built themselves out of rough lumber. I'm here only on Sundays."

"You put us to shame," continued the judge warmly. "It happens I am not of your faith—I am Jewish—but God's message comes before such idle sport as ours. I assure you, sir, that hereafter our skeet-shooting will wait until your services are over. By the way, Father—er—"

"Lacombe. George Lacombe, of Menlo parish."

"It is our dinner hour. Will you do us the honor to join us?"

"With pleasure, sir."

That was the beginning of a long friendship. Father Lacombe soon discovered that the group who had broken rudely, if unwittingly, upon his services consisted of some of the

most prominent citizens of San Francisco, 40 miles north. They were business and professional people, artists, musicians and writers, who had formed a small club they called The Family. Standards for membership were rigid, but related wholly to the man himself. Among the group were Catholics, Protestants and Jews, each respecting the others' faiths.

They had purchased this pleasant site and spent the weekends in outdoor sports and friendly camaraderie. Later they hoped to build a cultural center where fine music would be heard, and plays performed.

Young Father Lacombe took to them immediately and, in turn, The Family were completely captivated by the charm of the priest, his brilliant mind, and human lovable nature. They begged him to take dinner with them regularly after Mass, and he did. As the weeks passed, and summer turned toward autumn, the friendship became firmly cemented. One of the members, a musician in a great symphony orchestra, suggested that Father Lacombe be initiated and be known as Steve. The suggestion met with unanimous acclaim, and Steve he was thereafter.

It soon became a habit for some members to drive down early to Portola and attend the morning Mass with Father Lacombe. At first it was the Catholics; then Protestants and Jews joined.

Autumn came, and verged into winter. The fruit-picking season ended, the pickers drifted elsewhere.

Father Lacombe conducted the final Mass with especial solemnity. Then he joined The Family.

"I won't be with you boys again until spring," he announced sadly. "My duties keep me in Menlo hereafter."

The Family looked surreptitiously at one another and said nothing. An unaccustomed silence cloaked the meal. When the last dessert was cleared away, one of the older and most-loved members, famous for his philanthropies and activities in Jewish charitable work, cleared his throat.

"You know, Steve, I've been thinking about your chapel here. It's rather small, and it—uh—leaks a bit when it rains."

Father Lacombe shrugged. "It's the best we can do, Sam. The congregation is very poor."

Sam rose to his feet, looked around the table. "What do you say, boys? Let's build Steve a regular church. Suppose you Catholics and Protestants pass the hat around and see what you can raise. We Jews will double the amount."

A babel of voices rose in instant agreement. While the young priest watched in amazement, a hat went the rounds. Large-sized bills and larger checks dropped in until the hat brimmed over. When the proceeds were counted Sam turned to the Jews among them with a grin. "Well, boys, we're stuck. I didn't realize those other guys

would be so generous. Now dig in, fellows. We've got to double the whole amount."

They didn't stop there. A famous architect donated plans; a building contractor sent materials; an internationally known artist auctioned one of his paintings; the musician members gave benefit concerts; and day by day the fund grew.

By next spring, just as the pickers were coming back for the season, a stately chapel, all white and lovely like an ancient California mission, reared itself before their astonished eyes. A deep-toned bell called them to Mass, and at the altar, before the shrine of Our Lady of the Wayside, stood Father Lacombe in rustling vestments. The chapel, too, was filled with The Family, come to attend the Mass of their fellow-member, Steve.

Years passed. The 1st World War came. Father Lacombe went as chaplain. More years followed, and "Steve" Lacombe answered the final call. Another priest came to Our Lady of the Wayside.

But every year The Family, old members and new, make a pilgrimage to attend a morning Mass. At such times they take over the lay duties of ushering and plate passing.

Through it all, unperturbed, our Lady smiles benignly down upon all who are here joined in the real spirit of brotherhood.



# Berta Hummel, Artist-Nun

By JOHN COGLEY

WHEN Berta Hummel was attending art school in Munich 20 years ago, her pleased professors said there would never be another like her.<sup>†</sup> True as that may have been, it is also true that Hummel imitators have increased yearly, so rapidly, in fact, that some art stores have featured advertisements reading: "Genuine Hummels for Sale," while others use the name Hummel loosely to include all pictures of round, fair children.

Berta Hummel was born in Massing, on the Root river in Lower Bavaria on May 21, 1909. That area was also the home of St. Conrad von Parzham, a Capuchin lay Brother depicted in a Hummel drawing.

Berta was third oldest of six children. She was always a lively, active child, a little Hummel herself. The father, Adolph, a merchant, was himself an art-lover who had shown artistic talent in school, but was content to express his love of art by providing the family with a home where great attention was paid to drawing and painting.

The family was staunchly Catholic; the parents tried to train wide-visioned,

<sup>†</sup>See CATHOLIC DIGEST, April, 1946, p. 42.



Condensed from *Today*\*

alert boys and girls strong in the faith. Berta often recalled how every little scrap of paper, every piece of chalk, every minute that didn't belong to some other task was used for children's drawings. When there was some family celebration, the children pleased their parents with patiently worked-out childish efforts. *Frau* Victoria Hummel used to say that when Berta was a little girl she could never bear to leave black-and-white pictures uncolored.

All the Hummel children liked to draw, but Berta loved it most. Depicting impressions was an obsession. She needed paper and crayons as she needed bread and air. When she was nine, she later told friends, she used to dream about being a great artist, and her mind was full of impressions she wanted to execute: her sister picking flowers, her cousin at a wayside shrine, the village children playing.

Between 1916 and 1921, Berta attended the common school conducted by the Poor School Sisters in her home town. Even there she stood out among her companions. Her nun-teachers recalled that she was always restless, thirsty for new impressions, anxious for change from the quiet school life.

At first, Berta, who was shy and sensitive, did her drawings secretly. One day she was sent to the blackboard. She made a little drawing of the children in her class at play. Her classmates were delighted. They recognized their own features, mannerisms, clothes. News spread through the school and the village that Berta Hummel was unusually gifted and could reproduce the scenes familiar to all of them. In fact, it was the children themselves who first made the name Hummel famous. After school they grouped around Berta, begging her to draw them, and brought the results home to delighted parents. Soon people all over the village were asking for her little drawings, and the nuns had her decorate their classrooms and make their commemoration and greeting cards.

Her father, who had always been proud of a priest grand uncle whose tombstone in the village churchyard marked the passing of "a beloved priest and a gifted artist," was delighted with his daughter's early success. He and Victoria decided Berta must have every opportunity.

The 1st World War came while Berta was still in school. Papa Hummel was called to the army. During his long years away, the children wrote him letters and Berta enclosed little drawings of life at home. After the war, in 1921, *Herr Hummel*, out of uniform and back home, again grew excited about getting Berta's art studies started in earnest. He and mamma sent Berta to the near-by Institute of

the English Ladies, where professional art classes were conducted. Berta remained there for six years. Her teachers recognized talent, gave her special instruction and painstaking criticism. She always received a grade of 1, which was given only to students of the most marked ability.

In 1927, Berta, then 18, was taken by her parents to Munich, center of German art, and enrolled in a famous art school. Again she shone, even in the company of other students exceptionally gifted like herself.

Life in Munich for the fledgling artist was very gay. The little village girl took it all in with hungry zest. There was art of all kinds, ancient, modern, classical, experimental, bizarre. Berta studied them all, and from all she learned something. She delighted in movies, plays, concerts, social life, fashionable clothes.

Hummel's name and her work, though she was still a student, became better known throughout Germany. She was feted and courted by the leaders of the arty social set. Her fellow students, proud of her success, were impressed by her even good nature, universal friendliness, bubbling spirits, and the touch of gentle humor that showed up in her work.

The pace in Munich was fast. Berta, despite her love of fun and the social grace, was always serious-minded. She decided to break with the giddy pattern of life, and retired quietly to a simple boarding home run by nuns, to devote herself more intensely to the study of art.

About this time two Franciscan nuns joined the art class Berta was attending. The professor, who knew Berta was a Catholic, asked her to show them around, make them at home. It was a task *Fräulein* Hummel welcomed. For some time she had been thinking of the Religious life, and this intimacy with the nuns gave her an excellent opportunity to learn more about them.

At graduation, when the future stretched before the young artist, rich and inviting, she announced her intention to enter the convent. There was an uproar among her professors. "Such talent, to be wasted in a convent! Wait awhile, *Fräulein*, until you have tasted success. Especially at first, it is sweet. You have so much to give the world."

But Berta was sure of her vocation. She left Munich and entered the famous Siessen cloister of the Franciscan Sisters in 1932. In 1934 she received

the black veil and the name of Sister Innocentia. From this point on, Berta Hummel led the quiet useful life of a German Franciscan nun.

But her fame was not to suffer by her being in a convent. Her pictures, known popularly as "Hummels," were sent out from her cloister all over the world. The simple nun was a link between the best in Germany and the world outside through all the years of naziism. But through the long sad years, little was heard of the artist who disappeared into the anonymity of convent life. It was during Christmas week, 1946, at the time when the gay little drawings were passing between cities and nations and continents, a little piece about the German artist appeared in papers all over the world. "Sister Mary Innocentia Hummel, well-known artist," it said, "died today of illness in a Franciscan convent within occupied Germany."



### *Not Balaam's*

*O*UR in the barn the children of the parochial school were doing a Nativity play, all their own devising. One little lad had thrust his head through an opening in the improvised curtains. Only his sad little head appeared, no words, no action, no business.

Finally one of the adult spectators went up, nudged him gently, and said, "Why don't you go on the stage with the others?"

"Because," he said, "I'm just looking through the window. I'm the ass."

Daniel A. Lord, S.J., in *Along the Way*.

# Perambulating Parson

By ARTHUR DALEY

Condensed from the *Tidings*\*



NOTHING is quite as forthright or convincing as a kick in the pants. One such kick turned Gilbert Dodds into America's No. 1 miler and the chief U. S. hope for victory in the classic Olympic 1,500-meter test at London. A most remarkable athlete is the Perambulating Parson, an ordained minister in the First Brethren sect, as fervent on the track as in the pulpit.

The entire course of his foot-racing career was notably affected some years ago when the 13-year-old Gilbert was lolling near Pony creek outside Falls City, Neb. An automobile passed by. In typical boy fashion, Gil shied a few pebbles at it.

Brakes screeched, and out of the auto tumbled a lean man with fire in his eyes. Dodds was not particularly concerned. He'd done enough running in his grammar-school days to know that he'd been able to outfoot any old codger to the Nemaha river 100 yards away. A short swim and he'd be safe from pursuit. So he reckoned.

But there was a slight error in his calculations. The fellow in the car really could run. He didn't run gracefully nor elegantly but he moved—and fast. He collared the pebble thrower on the river bank, and gave him a

swift, inglorious boot in the britches.

That, believe it or not, was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

The kicker was Lloyd Hahn, one-time holder of five world records. Oddly enough, he took a liking to the boy, gave him pointers on track, and acted as his correspondence-school teacher while Gil attended little Ashland college in Ohio. Dodds was only a fair performer in school, touching 4:13 in the mile and 9:14 in the two miles, neither time good enough to raise an eyebrow among the experts.

But it was after Gil's graduation that Hahn gave him the best advice of all, the suggestion that he place himself under the coaching direction of Hahn's old mentor, the cagy Jack Ryder, who doubles in brass at the Boston A. A. and for the Jesuits at Boston college. That was the making of him. Nor is there anyone more appreciative than the Rev. Mr. Dodds. When his son was born a few years ago, Gil didn't hesitate. He named him John Lloyd Dodds, the John being for Ryder and the Lloyd for Hahn.

He idolizes the white-haired Irishman from Boston college. After all, it was Ryder who turned him into a sensational miler and two-miler. Within weeks after wise Jack had taken charge

of him, the Peripatetic Preacher had run two miles in faster time than any athlete had ever turned in on boards with the exception of Greg Rice. He also ran a milé in figures that had been surpassed only by Glenn Cunningham, Chuck Fenske, and Leslie MacMitchell. He has since topped the three of them.

So devoted is he to Ryder that he once walked into Jack's hotel room just before a big meet. On the dresser was an old-fashioned straight razor. Jack fingered it and remarked, "No safety razors for me. I always use a reliable straight razor." Dodds immediately went out and bought himself a 'straight razor. As far as is known, he still uses it.

But the tip-off on his character and temperament is the way the Boston college track squad went for him. Inasmuch as he trained with them and operated under the same coach, he traveled with the college kids. The Catholic youngsters more or less "adopted" the embryo Protestant minister. He has no more loyal or enthusiastic supporters than they.

In his first season under Ryder, Dodds was beaten by Rice as he himself was clocked in 8:53.7, extraordinary time. But Gil was very worried. He approached the Boston college undergraduate manager and timidly asked, "Do you think that Jack will want to bother with me after this?" When Ryder heard of it he almost swallowed his cigar.

The Meandering Minister is a most unusual runner, since he pours on the

pace in the first three-quarters and then coasts home as best he can. The punishment he administers to himself is unbelievable. He likes to rip off three 60-second quarters, or thereabouts, and then stagger home. For instance, he did a 3:03 three-quarters in his opening race and finished up in 4:08.4. No one has ever run more faster miles than he, with his best being the indoor-record figure of 4:06.4.

Yet he goes at it all in a crusading spirit, well aware of the fact that the afterlife is much more important than the transitory present. He virtually preaches by his running. That even goes for the autograph hounds who pester him.

The parson doesn't merely sign his name. He tacks on some mysterious lettering, such as "I Cor. 9:24-25." If curiosity alone isn't enough to drive the reader thereof to his Bible, he just isn't human. But we'll take pity on you and translate. Here's the passage from St. Paul.

"Know you not that they that run in the race, all run indeed, but one receiveth the prize? So run that you may obtain. And every one that striveth for the mastery, refraineth himself from all things; and they indeed that they may receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible one."

Dodds is his own best example and illustration. No one ever subdues the flesh and punishes himself more than he. The track theorists always have claimed that a sprint finisher can beat a pace runner nine times out of ten. Yet Gil has a winning streak of some-

thing like 20 straight miles, with his average time being under 4:10. No one else ever could come close to that.

There was one stretch in his foot-racing career when the parson retired in order to engage in what he describes as "the Lord's work." But then he returned as good, or better, than ever. Fame hasn't turned his head a

bit. One Christmas he received cabled greetings from Gunder Haegg of Finland.

"Gosh," he said in amazement. "Imagine a famous runner like that even thinking of me."

But that's Dodds for you, our No. 1 hope in the 1,500-meter run at the London Olympics.



## *Blessed Events, as Seen Through . . .*

### *The Eyes of the World*

**L**ATROBE, Pa.—The high cost of living caught up with Andrew Zavada, a \$48-a-week factory worker, today. He had to stretch the family budget to include the new quadruplets his wife presented to him.

The four babies, three girls and a boy, were born two months early by caesarian operation yesterday to Mrs. Barbara Zavada, 25, of Dorothy, Pa. Hospital authorities said both children and mother were in good condition.

Zavada, 35, stayed home from his job as inspector and packer at the Latrobe Die Casting Co. today. He said he had to rest up from the 40 hours he spent without sleep prior to the birth of the children.

The quadruplets were placed in four incubators. Each was fed a thimbleful of dextrose and water.

United Press in the Communist Daily Worker (16 Feb. '48).

### *The Eyes of Faith*

**L**ATROBE, Pa.—They came into the world two months ahead of schedule, but within 30 minutes the now famous Zavada quadruplets were baptized into the Catholic faith.

They are the children of Andrew Zavada, 35, employed as a \$1.20-an-hour inspector at a local die casting company.

In Schenectady, Father Florian C. Billy, O.F.M. Conv., a leader in the Slovak Catholic Federation of America, announced that all federation members have been asked to contribute to a fund for the Zavada family.

Mr. Zavada's first reaction was a prayer-like hope that "Barbara and the babies are all right." A little later he added, "Other people have been in the same situation and they made out all right. I will, too."

National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service (28 Feb. '48).

*Not from Brazil*

# The Basilian Fathers

By R. J. SCOLLARD, C.S.B.

**B**ASILIAN Fathers. The name meant nothing to the 23 boys in the parish vocation study club. A hasty racking of youthful minds produced one question, "Don't they run St. Michael's college whose hockey games we heard play by play on the radio last spring?"

Interest quickened and for a few minutes hockey was eagerly discussed. When the director brought them back to the subject, another boy thought that a Basilian Father had once preached a retreat in the convent where his aunt was a nun. The boys went on to the outline in their manual.

"A modern Congregation of priests dedicated to the welfare of souls, particularly through the education of youth. Founded at Annonay, France, in 1822. Established in America in 1850. Provinces in France and America were erected into separate Congregations in 1922. Houses in several dioceses in the U.S. and Canada. Headquarters at Toronto, Canada."

A short discussion brought out the fact that the Western Basilians were not founded by St. Basil and that they have no connection with the Basilian monks of the Eastern rite.

The Congregation of Priests of St. Basil (C.S.B.) is not an old one as



Religious Communities are measured within the Catholic Church. Nevertheless it is old enough to have built up a tradition of quiet, unobtrusive service aiding parents in providing a Christian education for their children, and assisting bishops by caring for parishes.

When Father Lapierre was named pastor of the tiny, mountain-hidden village of St. Symphorien de Mahun, France, in 1798, he had no thought of founding a teaching Community. He looked forward solely to serving his people as a good country curé. In the same year his immediate superior, Archbishop Charles d'Aviau, surveyed the destruction wrought in his territory by the French Revolution. Finding that his college and seminary had disappeared, he set about rebuilding them. Since the times were still unsettled, he decided against opening a college in an urban district; instead, he fixed upon St. Symphorien as a quiet, isolated spot. Father Lapierre became a teacher as well as a pastor, while his rectory became a boarding house.

The college flourished and was later transferred to Annonay, the nearest city. There on Nov. 21, 1822, the worthy parish priest turned school-

master, and nine of his staff, moved by the spirit of God, formed themselves into a diocesan Religious Society to perpetuate their work of education. They were known simply as the "teaching priests of Annonay" to distinguish them from the priests of the diocese engaged in parochial work. Asked to take charge of a school in a parish named for St. Basil—the Great, they were inspired to choose this illustrious scholar, teacher, bishop and saint as their patron. By Sept. 15, 1837, the young Community was raised by the Pope to the rank of a Religious Congregation.

In 1850 a former student of Annonay college, Armand, Comte de Charbonnel, was consecrated second Bishop of Toronto. He begged his teachers to cross the ocean and help him in his diocese. The only English-speaking member of the Congregation, Father Patrick Moloney, was sent at once. Two years later the first Basilian school in America, St. Michael's college, was opened under Father Jean Soulerin. He had 54 pupils under him that first year; 51 of them later became priests. He exercised a similar influence over boys in the New World: before he was called back to France in 1865, to become superior general, he had solidly founded his Congregation in America on native vocations.

In America, as in France, the Congregation settled in the smaller centers of population. Consequently its growth

was slow, no more than enough to staff existing schools and parishes and to make new foundations at rather long intervals. But during the last 30 years the cities in which it located have expanded enormously, and with their growth has come a corresponding one in the Congregation: it has more than quadrupled in size. Today it numbers 228 priests, 141 scholastics, and 29 novices.

The motto of the Basilian Fathers, *Bonitatem, et Disciplinam, et Scientiam Doce Me* (Teach me goodness, discipline and knowledge), expresses their philosophy of teaching. In all their dealings with students they emphasize first, the duty of a good Christian; second, character and self-control; and lastly, knowledge. The threefold lesson is taught as much by example as by word; the most heavily burdened teacher spends more time in spiritual exercises prescribed by his rule than he does in the classroom.

Basilian colleges and high schools are not bound to a uniform curriculum of studies; the subjects taught and the work covered vary widely from place to place. The wishes of ecclesiastical superiors and the prescriptions of accrediting boards and civil regulations determine the courses of studies, a policy in keeping with the Basilian tradition of meeting local needs.

Members are carefully prepared for their life of teaching. All have academic degrees and teachers' certificates; nearly all have had the benefit



of some postgraduate training; and more than half the priests hold advanced degrees from the leading universities of America and Europe. From this last comes a freshness of outlook to balance any conservatism acquired in Basilian schools. The majority of Basilian vocations come from their own high schools and colleges.

At the base of the Basilian educational system are high schools in Detroit, Houston, Rochester, Windsor, Toronto, and Calgary. On the higher level Basilians conduct the University of St. Thomas, Houston; St. Michael's college, Toronto; Assumption college, Windsor; and St. Thomas More college, Saskatoon. They are now preparing to open St. John Fisher college in Rochester, N. Y. At the top of their educational system is the Institute of Medieval Studies, Toronto, organized for specialized graduate studies in 1929. Pope Pius XII has twice shown it marks of special favor: in 1939, when he raised it to the rank of a Pontifical Institute; and again in 1947, when he made it the subject of an apostolic letter of praise addressed to the Chancellor, Cardinal McGuigan. The Basilians also conduct two novitiates, one at Rochester, N. Y., the other at Richmond Hill, Ontario, and St. Basil's seminary, Toronto, for training of novices and scholastics.

From their arrival in America the Basilian Fathers have also engaged in parochial work; the first offshoot in

America was a parish, St. Mary's, at Owen Sound. It is somewhat paradoxical that this youthful Congregation should have charge of two of the oldest inland parishes in English-speaking America which possess a continuous history and records: St. Anne's, Detroit, founded in 1701, and Assumption, Windsor, which began as a mission of St. Anne's in 1728. The famous Ambassador bridge which spans the Detroit river begins and ends in the two historic parishes.

The missionary spirit which brought the first Basilians to America, and which has continued unbroken in their parishes and schools, found a new expression during the past decade when the Congregation opened a Spanish-speaking home mission at Rosenberg, Texas. From Our Lady of Guadalupe church five priests go out to a number of mission chapels and minister to Mexican immigrants. Recently a priest experienced on this mission has been appointed to St. Anne's church, Detroit, to work among Mexicans living in the parish.

But that is as far south as they go. A few years before the war, two priests of the Congregation on a visit to Rome were introduced to a cardinal as Basilian Fathers from America. The prince of the Church graciously acknowledged the introduction, then affably inquired, "And what part of Brazil are you from, Fathers?"

Basilians do not come from Brazil.

# What's New in Stained Glass?

By

ROBERT J. CADIGAN

Condensed from  
*Holiday*\*

ONCE, before laymen could read and interpret the Bible, stained-glass windows were the religious books of the people. Artisans, commissioned by kings or bishops, dedicated years and even lifetimes to picturing events in the lives of Christ and the saints, painstakingly fitting thousands of pieces of colored glass into vivid designs held together by grooved strips of lead called cames.

The jewel-like bits in a cathedral window take on a living, breathing quality when warmed by the sun, and they glow or fade, blend or contrast with each variation of light. The face of the Virgin when she was visited by the angel Gabriel takes on a radiant hue from a stray sunbeam; the death pallor of a crucified Christ may become awesome and eerie on a gray afternoon. The cynic and the atheist no less than the religious may be moved by the experience of visiting a silent cathedral and watching the sun sweep across a window of Christ's Transfiguration.

The making of stained-glass windows advanced from a craft to a fine art in the second half of the 12th century, with the development of the Gothic cathedral and its great rose and arched windows. The challenge to in-



crease the beauty of the huge but graceful structures by providing interior light in deep, rich colors was successfully met. In no other era were colors richer, design and leading more harmonious and effect warmer. The windows, mosaic in quality, softened and breathed life into the

cold stone cathedrals. Thousands of pieces of blue, red, and green glass contrasted with the dark lines of the lead frames and made the leading more important to the design than the few details which were painted in.

Chartres in the 13th century was the chief center for stained-glass-window making and its cathedral retains more stained-glass windows from the Golden Age than any other famous European church. The two most beautiful are the "Tree of Jesse" and the "Notre Dame de la Belle Verrière," wherein the glowing red background of the central portion and the delicate blue of the Virgin's gown radiate the changing patterns of outside light in an orchestration of color. The central portion was made in the 12th century; the outside portions are the work of craftsmen a century later. Many of the artisans who learned their skills at Chartres later made windows elsewhere on the continent and in England.

"Color-fast" materials of all kinds are a boast of modern industry, but medieval artisans produced glass of such gemlike purity and lasting color that its reproduction became practically a lost art for 700 years. Known as pot metal because each color was boiled in a separate pot, the glass was colored while in the molten state by various metal oxides which produced the pure reds, greens, and blues. The colors were fused throughout the substance of the glass and were as non-fading as a ruby, emerald or sapphire.

Thirteenth-century shortages of materials and a tendency away from ornateness and toward airiness altered methods and designs of stained-glass windows. The Cistercian Order of monks, evidently believing that the decorative quality of colored-figure work was contrary to their ideals of simplicity, opposed the making of pictorial windows. Ruby glass and lead were scarce, and craftsmen bowed to the desire for more white light by using geometric designs on large areas of gray-toned glass. And, in the mid-14th century, the Black Death swept the Continent, disorganizing schools and crafts. Glass formulas for some of the brilliant hues were lost, and the art of stained-glass-window making deteriorated steadily until the 19th century, when craftsmen began to rediscover the old formulas and to revive 12th and 13th-century techniques.

Increasingly larger sheets of clear glass superseded the lead and irregular-shaped glass in the 15th century, and painters began to work on it as

though on canvas. They embellished their painting with a silver-nitrate stain, a discovery of the early 14th century, which was capable of producing varying tones of yellow when fired in a kiln. The term "stained-glass" was derived from this stain, and now is used to include all pictorial windows from the 11th century to the present.

Painting improved in the 16th and 17th centuries, but the quality of the windows did not. New enamels made of a mixture of ground glass, gum and water let artists make beautiful drawings, but the enamels did not become fused with the glass when fired, and the windows were opaque. In the 1780's, the distinguished Sir Joshua Reynolds made for New College chapel, Oxford, one of the prettiest pictures on glass—and one of the worst windows—in the history of the craft.

Stimulated by the renewed interest in Gothic architecture and arts of the Middle Ages that arose during the second quarter of the 19th century, craftsmen in England and France fortunately revived the use of pot-metal glass. It wasn't as good as the medieval artists', but it prompted research and experimentation which were to be continued by Americans in the 20th century. Meanwhile, Americans developed a milklike opalescent glass sometimes called "art glass." Turned out by mass production, it was popular because it was cheap. Art glass was made into windows for churches, private homes, restaurants and saloons; and even into bun warmers in the shape of setting hens.

This substitute for the translucent glass stained throughout its substance could not compete with European hand-blown, pot-metal glass for windows in the large American cathedrals. Then, about 1900, a few American craftsmen who had studied the great windows of the 12th and 13th centuries in Europe began to revive medieval methods. They imported the pot-glass metal, learned how to put it to its best use and gradually proved that American design and craftsmanship were as fine as those of Europe.

Two of the most outstanding American executions of stained glass are the chancel window in the Cadet chapel at West Point and the windows in the Washington Memorial chapel at Valley Forge. The chancel window was done in 1910 by William and Anna Lee Willet, of Philadelphia. The windows at Valley Forge, begun about 1914, are the work of Nicola D'Ascenzo, also of Philadelphia, and they effectively proved the superiority of stained glass in the Chartres tradition.

The late Charles J. Connick, of Boston, who became noted for his windows in the Church of Saint Vincent Ferrer and the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, stimulated wide interest in the craft by lecturing and writing. His beautifully illustrated *Adventures in Stained Glass* is considered the best modern book on the subject.

Lawrence Saint, famous for his windows in the Washington cathedral, undertook to recover the lost glass formulas of the Middle Ages. His first experiments were discouraging. He

burned a cow's hoof as required by one formula and got nothing but a bad odor; he put a potato in a kettle in the hope of freeing the glass of bubbles—and the pot boiled over.

Saint was more successful with his chemical analyses of pieces of medieval glass and he decided to compare his own glass with that in the famous European cathedrals. (In France he was questioned by detectives who doubted that the glass in his traveling bags could have been made in America.) At Chartres, perched upon a 40-foot scaffolding, Saint held pieces of his blue glass against those in the "Tree of Jesse" window. They matched the Chartres glass in three cases out of four. In the Cathedral of Saint Peter at Poitiers, his reds were identical with the red glass in the "Crucifixion Window." In his study in Huntingdon Valley, Pa., Saint has 1,500 color formulas.

Many cathedrals and churches now contain the work of American designers. Among the most notable are the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine and Riverside church in New York; the Washington cathedral in the District of Columbia; the University chapel at Princeton; the East Liberty Presbyterian church in Pittsburgh, and the Academy chapel in Mercersburg, Pa. Their windows were made within the past three decades by artists and craftsmen whose techniques are substantially medieval. Like the windows of Chartres, their translucent glass glows in ever-changing colors as resistant to weather and as ageless in beauty as the jewels they resemble.

# SOS by Bottle

By FRANK ILLINGWORTH

Condensed from the *Cross*\*

**F**ORTY-FIVE years ago Evelyn Baldwin, the Polar explorer, scribbled a hasty note calling for help and sealed it in a buoy which he cast into the Arctic ocean. A month or two ago a Soviet fisherman, looking for wood locked in the frozen sea, found the buoy near Vilkitski island, off Russia's Arctic coast.

Unable to read, but apparently appreciating its possible urgency, he hurried the note to Murmansk, where Russian interpreters read in Norwegian and English what was obviously an SOS: "Five ponies and 150 dogs remaining. Desire hay, fish and 30 sledges. Must return early in August. Baffled."

The note had, of course, long since lost its urgency, having been written on June 24, 1902, at a time when the Baldwin party was officially missing. But the explorers won through safely, and Baldwin himself died peacefully in his bed in 1933.

For centuries sailors and explorers, in the last extremity, have thrust hastily scribbled notes into bottles. The seaman whose life may be measured in hours knows there is no practical purpose to be served in words it may take the waves many years to deliver.

Nevertheless he often has an irresistible urge to record the story of his last hours.

Following a fisherman's discovery of a vital political secret in a bottle on Dover's beach, Queen Elizabeth appointed an official Uncorker of Ocean Bottles, and at the same time made it a penal offence for unauthorized persons to read bottle messages. This law has long since died, but even before its time bottle messages have solved marine mysteries.

In 1902 two cruisers quartered the Atlantic for three months without finding a spar from the steamship *Huronian*. February of that year saw her, a seemingly seaworthy vessel, sink without trace; and the mystery might have remained unsolved to this day but for two bottle messages.

Four months after the *Huronian* disappeared, the waves threw a tightly corked bottle on to the Nova Scotia coast. In it was this message: "*Huronian* turned turtle in Atlantic, Sunday night, 14 of us in a boat." The fact that this note carried no signature made many declare it a hoax, but five years later its validity was confirmed by a second message. Wandering along Casterlock sands, Northern Ireland, a

\**Mount Argus, Dublin, Ireland. February, 1948.*

beach idler kicked a partially buried bottle from its bed and extracted a slip of paper. "*Huronian* sinking fast," it read. "Top heavy, one side awash. Good-bye, mother and sisters—Charlie M'Fell, greaser."

If the value of the first message were queried, there was no doubt about the second. The steamship company's records showed that on her final voyage the *Huronian* carried a greaser named Charles M'Fell; and there were those who claimed to recognize his handwriting. From these two messages a fairly accurate picture of the *Huronian*'s end could be drawn. The five-year-old mystery was solved, and sea currents had provided the evidence.

But bottle messages have provided more than dramatic last paragraphs in the history of shipwreck. They have been known to travel 10,000 miles, sometimes presenting marine experts with invaluable data on currents and wind drifts. The arrival of a message off the Isle of Wight ten months after its contents began a 4,000-mile journey from the Mississippi gave needed information on the speed of west-east Atlantic drift.

There is the case of the *Jeannette*. For centuries, cursing floe-ice which the Davis and Denmark straits pour into the North Atlantic, mariners have asked, "Where does it come from?" Expeditions have set out to answer this question, and among them was that led by the American explorer, De Long. He certainly found his answer, but hardly in the way he would have chosen. Locked in the winter ice,

north of Siberia, the *Jeannette* was crushed, and years later an Eskimo seal hunter found a few relics of the expedition on an ice pan floating off southern Greenland.

The discovery indicated the speed and direction of the Polar Sea's main drift. The information was placed on marine maps, and on it Nansen based his famous expedition in the *Fram* and crossed the Pole while locked in drifting ice.

Unwittingly, Salamond Andree contributed to knowledge of ocean currents. Conceiving the harebrained idea of ballooning across the North Pole, the Swedish explorer set off from Spitzbergen in 1897, his only means of contact with the world being a few homing pigeons and watertight message containers.

As was anticipated, Andree and his balloon disappeared. Search parties scoured the Spitzbergen archipelago without success, and ultimately rescue efforts were given up. But the tragedy was recalled every few years when the waves delivered cork buoys containing "progress messages" from the long dead balloonist. Indeed, the last letter from Andree was drawn from the sea in 1937, 40 years after his death and the subsequent discovery of his body on an Arctic island. Andree's crazy plan did not include a study of Polar currents, but his scheme helped to fill in a blank space on marine maps.

It was 151 years before the last words written by a Japanese seaman named Matsuyama were plucked from the waves. They told how his ship

embarked on a search for a treasure island, only to be overcome by storms. Cast on an uninhabited coral reef in mid-Pacific, he and his 44 companions died of starvation, but not before Mut-suyama recorded their tale on pieces of wood. Sealing them in a bottle, he threw them into the Pacific in 1784. And it was to the adventurer's birth-place, Hiratutemura, that the currents carried their message in 1935, after a century and a half of ceaseless pitch and toss.

No less a coincidence was the final act of a drama played in 1933. In November that year the steamer *Saxilby*, bound from Newfoundland to Port Talbot with a cargo of iron ore, disappeared 400 miles west of Ireland during a gale. Of the crew (26 men) nothing was heard for two and a half years. Then, on April 23, 1936, because it "sounded different" from other tins he had kicked that morning, a beach idler opened a cocoa tin brought to his feet by the waves.

It contained a hastily scrawled note "S. S. *Saxilby* sinking somewhere off Irish coast. Love to sisters, brothers and Dinah—Joe Okane." By a whim of fate, these last words from a doomed sailor were delivered by the sea to his home town, Aberavon; almost to the doorstep of the very people to whom they were addressed.

Doubt invariably accompanies the discovery of bottle messages, because the disappearance of a ship has often prompted hoaxes. Most sea mysteries are followed by crops of spurious "last words." The S. S. *Waratah* vanished

in July, 1909. Within a year of the 16,000-ton liner's disappearance, between Cape Town and Durban, five messages purporting to come from members of the crew were found, on Australian beaches. They all proved to be fakes. Existing knowledge of the Pacific suggested that to have reached the point where it was found, one bottle must have drifted thousands of miles against the currents.

Doubt was also raised by the discovery of a bottle message in 1827. It recalled the end of the S. S. *Kent* by fire in the Bay of Biscay. One dark night in 1825, when rescue from the flaming ship seemed too remote to be possible, one of the passengers (a Major MacGregor) took pencil and paper, and slipped into a bottle a note: "Ship on fire. Elizabeth, Joanna and myself commit our spirits into the Hands of our Redeemer, Whose grace enables us to be quite composed in the awful prospect of entering Eternity."

Eighteen months after the *Kent* foundered off the French coast, a surfer in the Bahamas found the bottle containing this message. And it was not a fake. Indeed, MacGregor, rescued under a fire-tinted sky at the 11th hour, lived to recognize his own obituary notice.

Less happy, though equally dramatic, is the story of a launch which disappeared in the Pacific on August 30, 1942. For seven days the Royal Australian Navy, the RAAF, and commercial shipping searched for the launch without success. Seven months later the waves delivered to Avoca

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Beach, in Australia, a sealed jam jar containing a message from Harold Douglas, her skipper. "Should this note be found," he wrote, please forward to my wife, Mrs. Christina Douglas, at Point Piper. No doubt you're wondering what has become of me. I got blown out to sea, engine trouble." A will, written on a blank check, accompanied the note.

During and following the 1st World War, several dozen bottle messages set adrift by torpedoed merchantmen were delivered by the waves. Supposedly, an equally large number was consigned to the sea between 1939 and 1944.

As one by one the sea currents deliver their letters, blank spaces in marine history will be filled in.



### *I Shall Never Forget It*

*W*E WERE sewing like mad, down in that little basement in Budapest, sewing sheets into coats for the invading Russian soldiers. And we were sewing, strange to say, with right good will.

The project began on Jan. 29, 1945. Forty-two girls, 16 to 19 years old, and I, who was in charge of them, had been in the basement since Christmas eve. Whenever the battle outside calmed a little, we crept like animals out into the court, to bring in snow, because water was our most important want.

Death was not our greatest fear. Our chaplain was the most courageous man in the district. He crept from shelter to shelter, and we had Mass and Communion, prayed the Rosary and sang Psalms. No, we were prepared for death. What we were asking God to deliver us from was that most terrible atrocity toward the girls, violation by drunken Russian soldiers.

But we were not to be passed by. Late on the night of Jan. 29, while we were saying the Rosary, a lone Russian soldier, a Ukrainian, rushed into our cellar. He glanced at the crucifix on the wall, then gazed upon us. I trembled as he approached me. He grasped my arm—could it be that he was trembling, too?

Then he spoke, "Mother, I promised the priest in my village that wherever I went I would help save women from the violence of soldiers." I breathed again.

"You must all begin sewing," our visitor said, "and when the soldiers come, say to them boldly, 'We sew because the captain has ordered us to make white coats for Russian soldiers, so they cannot be seen in the snow.' "

So we sewed and prayed, for ourselves and for our enemies and friends and for the soldier who told us what to do. Many Russians came after him, drunken and lustful, but each one we clad in a white garment, and not one dared assault us.

Clare-Martha Szegfű.

Readers are invited to submit similar experiences. We shall pay \$25 on publication for acceptable ones. Sorry we cannot return manuscripts, but we shall carefully consider all that are submitted.—The editors.

# Negroes Are Almost As Bad As Whites

By MILTON MAYER

Condensed from the *Negro Digest*\*

I was waiting, and so was everyone else, for the Philadelphia day coach. The only difference between me and everyone else was that I was carrying two suitcases, not briefcases, suitcases, full of books. I was first in line until a Negro woman elbowed me and everyone else out of the way. I said, "Hey, lady, take it easy," and that's how it started.

It finished short of lynching, and it was I who was just about lynched. And it was all a case of mistaken identity. I am not a white man myself, socially speaking, but a Jew. As a Jew, I am so busy being oppressed that I have no time to oppress Negroes. And, as chance had it, I was, on that very occasion, on an interracial mission for the American Friends Service Committee, and, in that capacity, I was full of good feeling for one and all.

But I had to stand my ground against the Negro woman because only by standing ground against this obnoxious white behavior on the part of the Negro woman could I show that Negroes are almost as bad as whites.

Hitler is dead, but the Hitler in all of us seems to be flourishing as never before. It is doubtful whether elbow-

ing of any kind will ever diminish racism. And in "elbowing" I include all exercise of power, whether it be war, boycott or legislation.

John Dewey made the point many years ago. A friend of his found the philosopher standing with his small son. The small son was ankle deep in a puddle of water, and Dewey was standing there looking perplexed. "John," said the friend, "you'd better get that boy out of that puddle or he'll catch cold."

"I know," said Dewey, "but it won't do any good to get him out of the puddle. I've got to get him to want to get out of the puddle, and I'm trying to figure out how."

The pure white Protestant native-born Aryan racists stand in the puddle of racism. We cannot legislate racism out of existence. The boycotted restaurant owner is no less hate-ridden because his business is ruined; and the die-hard opponent of FEPC loves Negroes less, not more, if he is forced to hire them.

If we Negroes, or Jews, really want our rights and don't wish merely to holler for them, we have got to try the way that was recommended to us long

ago by the dark-skinned rabbi, Jesus. That way is the way of love.

I am sorry to say "love," because the word no longer means what it meant to Micheas or Job, or to Paul in I Corinthians. But love is still what I mean.

Let us say that I am a white man and you are a Negro. (Or I am a Gentle and you are a Jew, or I am a Protestant and you are a Catholic, or I am a native and you are a foreigner.) I am top dog. The world is mine, and because I have the majority (or the power, which is the same thing) on my side, I can do what I wish with it and with you. I proceed to classify you, the Negro, the Jew, the Catholic, the foreigner, as inferior. You, the individual Negro, may be inferior to me, the individual white; but I am not going to take chances, since you may be equal or superior to me. So I classify you, and the argument is over before it begins. Nothing you do or can do that is equal or superior will ever establish your equality or superiority.

What can you do, not to get me out of the puddle, but to get me to want to get out of the puddle? You can prove, by every objective test ever invented or inventable, that you are not my inferior. But what can you do?

The injunction to love them that hate you and pray for them that despitefully use you was not meant to be nonsense; it was meant to be effective. It may not work fast, and it may not work today in the individual instance. But we have plenty of time, if we are thinking not of the instant but of mankind; not just of ourselves

but of our children and their grandchildren. It may be titillating to turn a quick profit, but not at an ultimate loss.

What do I mean by "love," and how do you, the oppressed Negro, go about loving me, the oppressive white? You don't go about loving by cringing and crawling; that's abasement, not love. Or by fighting for your rights; that's self-interest, not love. You go about loving by asserting, working for the rights of all men everywhere, including mine. You go about loving by living like a man, regardless of the fact that I, oppressor, am living like a pig; by asking yourself, "What can I do to help the oppressor, who, by the very fact of being the oppressor, is worse off than I am?"; by coming to me and offering me your services in our common problems, or, better yet, offering your services in my problems. I will find it harder to be oppressive.

Racism is in the heart of the racist; you will not change his heart by proving something to his head, or by boycotting him or by killing him or by ruining him or by ramming a law down his throat. How will his heart be changed?

I say that love is the answer and, in the end, the only answer. The chink in my armor, if I am the white oppressor and you are the colored oppressed, is shame. I am guilty of oppressing you, and I know it. Much worse for me than my inability to defend segregation and discrimination in public is my inability to defend them to myself. Your elbowing enables

me to escape my terrible sense of guilt. I begin by treating you meanly; then, if you fail to take the long view, you react by acting mean; then I say, "See—he is mean, and that's why I treat him meanly." The fact that I myself

act mean, and act mean first, does not bother me; neither, if you take the long view, does it excuse you. If you take the long view, you will make me ashamed of myself. And then I will want to get out of the puddle.



### *This Struck Me*

*From Catholic pulpits, in the Catholic press, and on the radio, we hear that the all-enveloping sin of our day is that of secularism, the sin of not recognizing the existence of sin. Most Christians are only dimly aware of the enormity of this well-nigh universal apostasy from God, though the Pope has cried out that there is no place in the world for mediocrity. Leon Bloy\* portrays the Ages of Faith as a time when secularism was not prevalent and Christians did not take any middle-of-the-way attitudes toward eternal verities.*

The Middle Ages, my child, are a vast church such as we shall never more see till God returns upon earth—a house of prayer as vast as the whole western world, built with ten centuries of ecstasy that recall the Ten Commandments of Sabaoth! It was the genuflection of the whole universe, in adoration or in awe. Even the very blasphemers and the men of blood were on their knees, because no other attitude was possible in the presence of the dread Crucified Christ who was to judge all men. It was still the time of the Death of Christ, and the sun was not seen. The poor folk in the fields tilled the soil, trembling, as if they feared to awaken the dead before their hour. All mankind wept, imploring mercy. The thousand years of the Middle Ages were the great Christian period of mourning.

Those men of prayer, those ignorant, unmurmuring, oppressed men, carried the heavenly Jerusalem within their hearts and minds. Their ecstasies they translated as best they could into the stonework of cathedrals, into the glowing stained glass of their chapels, into the illuminated vellum of their Books of Hours, and our whole endeavor, when we have some scrap of genius, is to get back to that radiant fountainhead.

\*In *The Woman Who Was Poor* (1947. Sheed & Ward, N. Y. \$3).

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.

*And a nickel for the waitress*

# *Sikorsky Made His Dreams Come True*

By DALE CARNEGIE

Condensed from *Success Today*\*

**F**IFTY years ago, the wife of a university professor in Russia read the biography of Leonardo da Vinci, one of the great geniuses of all time. Leonardo studied flying and drew preliminary designs of a flying machine and sketches of wings 450 years ago.

This Russian mother was so fascinated by the incredible accomplishments of Leonardo da Vinci that she told her eight-year-old son about them. She showed him Da Vinci's designs for an airplane. That little eight-year-old boy said, "Mother, I am going to fly some day."

The idea of flying became the passion of his life. This happened back in the 90's, years before the first practical flights.

When he was 11, the boy dreamed he was flying in a palatial machine. He saw himself walking on a soft carpet down a long, luxurious corridor with walnut doors, beneath a blue overhead light. He could even feel the vibration of the machine under his feet.

This dream occurred in 1900, three years before the Wright brothers made their first flight. Thirty-one years later the dreamer built and delivered to the

Pan-American Airways the S-40, a four-engined flying boat which was called the American Clipper, the first of a series of four-engined flying boats that started passenger and mail service across both Atlantic and Pacific.

The inventor and builder of the American Clipper planes was walking down the corridor of one of them one evening while it was in flight, when suddenly he asked himself, "Where have I seen all this before?" There in front of him were walnut doors, a soft carpet, the bluish light overhead. Then it dawned on him. He had unconsciously built the same machine he had dreamed about as a boy. He was Igor Ivanovitch Sikorsky, one of the world's foremost designers of planes.

When he was 25, Sikorsky was known as father of Russian aviation. When he was 27, he was building a fleet of bombers for Russia to use in the 1st World War.

Sikorsky built the first plane powered by more than one engine. He did it because of a mosquito. One day as he was flying, the single engine stopped. He made a forced landing in a railroad yard, wrecked the plane, and narrowly escaped death. After examin-

\*Copyright, 1947. Basic Publications. 227 E. 44th St., New York City, 17. Winter, 1947-48.

ing the engine carefully, he discovered that a mosquito had been sucked into the carburetor, stopping the flow of gas. He decided then and there to build future planes with two or more engines.

By 1944, he had built a large passenger plane that flew from New York to London in 15½ hours, setting a world's record for passenger planes across the North Atlantic. He thinks that in the future it may be possible for huge passenger planes carrying 2,000 passengers to cross the Atlantic in a few hours. But he feels that planes carrying 100 passengers will be more practical; planes that will carry us across the Atlantic as safely and economically as a ship, and ten or 20 times as swiftly.

Sikorsky built the first helicopter that ever flew in the western world. During the war I spent an afternoon with him at his factory in Bridgeport, Conn., where helicopters were being built for our army, navy and coast guard. Pilots were flying helicopters sideways and forward, stopping them in mid-air and flying backward. They would hover for minutes in the air, like hummingbirds. One day a pilot tied a basket of eggs under his helicopter and landed so gently that not an egg was cracked.

Sikorsky was graduated from the Naval college in St. Petersburg, but his heart was in the air, not in the navy. The flight of the Wright brothers here in America had again fired his enthusiasm for aviation.

When he was 20, Igor borrowed

money from his sister to finance two helicopters and an airplane. But one little thing was wrong with all of them: they wouldn't fly! The neighbors shook their heads, called Igor a crackpot. He spent two more years building planes that wouldn't fly. His next plane made 13 flights and stayed in the air a total of seven minutes before it finally crashed and almost killed Sikorsky.

But nothing could stop him now. He had actually flown. A few years later, he produced a plane that broke a world's record, flying 70 miles an hour carrying three men. Later, he built a four-motored plane that established another world's record. Even the Czar of Russia came to see it. During the 1st World War, Sikorsky's bombers made sensational records, and he became both rich and famous. Then came the Russian Revolution; he fled from his native land and lost his fortune of a half-million dollars.

When he arrived in America in 1919, he had only \$600, and could neither speak nor write a word of English. He had to live in cheap furnished rooms, and permitted himself to spend only 70¢ a day for food. He found a clean restaurant where he could get a plate of baked beans, bread and butter, and a cup of coffee for 20¢. He ate that meal twice a day every day for months—and always left a nickel for the waitress.

Igor's only source of income was from lectures before clubs of Russian working men. He borrowed colored slides from the American Museum of

Natural History and a projector which he carried several miles to lectures, to save carfare.

I asked him if he was unhappy and discouraged at that time. "No," he replied, "I was very happy to do it, because I had liberty. I knew that here in America I could give any lectures I wished, or start a business of my own, or travel to San Francisco if I wished. I didn't have to ask anyone's permission. I didn't mind baked beans twice a day and cheap lodgings as long as I had my liberty."

Mr. Sikorsky is a deeply religious man, a member of the Russian Orthodox Church. In fact, he has written a book about the Lord's Prayer.

Four years after Sikorsky landed in America, he raised a few hundred dollars from Russian friends and started to build a plane. He and his workers used secondhand parts from old machines, made their own tools, and worked for weeks without pay. Five years later, he was so successful that

Wall Street bankers backed him; and in 1929 his company was sold to the United Aircraft Corporation. He was on his way up again.

During the war Mr. Sikorsky found it difficult to solve engineering problems in his office at Bridgeport because of too many distractions, telephones, conferences, and the hum and activity of business. He preferred to work at night in his own home. He does his best work from midnight to four o'clock in the morning. Everything is quiet then except his phonograph.

As he works at his home, Sikorsky drinks black coffee and listens to Tschaikovsky symphonies and Rachmaninoff concertos. He also finds relief from fatigue and worry by studying the stars or climbing mountains. He says that when he is in the solitude of the high mountains, he finds a spiritual peace. He thinks then in terms of the geological ages, and his own troubles dwindle into insignificance.



### *Did You Ever Hear a Nun Cussing?*

THE is the dear nun who has for long years been in charge of the workmen; and often when they didn't know she was listening, they talked—well, the language of the workmen. She has tried to correct them, silently and with the example of her perfectly ladylike speech. But the other day . . .

"Oh, heck!" she said, impatiently, to some of them. "Do it the other way."

Instantly she realized how intemperate that "Oh, heck!" had been. She attempted to correct herself. "Oh, hell!" she said. "Do it the other way."

And she blushingly realized that that was not very ladylike either.

From *Along the Way* (NCWC) by Daniel A. Lord (28 Feb. '48).

*And they lived happily ever after*

# *Be Glad If You Are Average*

By ETHEL BARRON

Condensed from *Your Life*\*

You consider yourself an average person. Though you have several talents, you know that they aren't quite good enough to bring you to the heights of fame. In all likelihood, your name will never shine brightly over a theater marquee, decorate the cover of a best seller, nor hit the newspaper gossip columns. You're just one of 150 million good, solid American "unknowns" who get vicarious thrills from reading about and discussing the celebrities. "How lucky those people are," you've thought to yourself. "How I wish I could be so gifted and become so famous."

Don't harbor wistful thoughts about the people whose comings and goings fill the newspapers. Be glad, not sorry, that you're an average person.

A famous psychologist to whom I talked recently said, "Average people, if they only knew it, are really much luckier than those who make newspaper headlines. Famous people are like goldfish in a transparent bowl. They have no privacy. They are constantly open to criticism. They are vulnerable to threats of blackmail. They are besieged by phony promoters. They can't even have a domestic quarrel without the whole world knowing about it."

According to my psychologist friend, the average man or woman is happier emotionally than the famous. "Celebrities are envied and sought after, but no one knows the heartaches, frustrations, conflicts that beset them. I know, because they come and tell me.

"There is a terrible price to pay for fame and glory. An average person is less likely to be as high-strung as the famous man or woman. He doesn't have the emotional upheaval which often accompanies a highly gifted make-up; the sensitivity or capacity to suffer. He is not likely to possess the strong driving power that usually features a celebrity's personality and which never gives him peace.

"A famous actor, artist or writer is constantly worried about his appearance, work, and critics. Like Alice in Wonderland, he must keep running to stay in the same place."

In marriage, too, the average person's chances for happiness are greater than those of the celebrity.

"First, they are more likely to make normal marriages. An average person knows he is being married for himself, not for glamour or money. He will probably choose some nice, average helpmeet who won't make too many demands upon him. He, himself,

will make a better mate than if he were a celebrity because he will belong to his family and not to an adoring public. And he will be easier to live with than the one who has admiration and adulation thrown at his head."

According to this psychologist, the average woman's chances for marital happiness are greater than those of the woman who is famous in her own right.

"She is likely to be entirely feminine and will attract a strong, sane, normal man rather than the weak-minded leaner who gravitates toward a self-sustaining woman, or the neurotic, shallow man who is drawn to the glamour gals. A man who marries just an ordinary, everyday girl will see true qualities of wifehood and motherhood in her which most men really want. Nor will he ever have to resent his wife's success. Few men are 'big' enough to take a famous wife in their stride. Many of them nourish a sense of inferiority. They're much more comfortable with a girl whose IQ is lower than their own."

"If the celebrity is a woman and unmarried, she is likely to feel her work has cheated her out of marriage," our expert continued. "If she is married, there is a constant conflict in her mind between career and marriage. Her nerves are at a fever pitch. Where does she vent her emotional force? Not upon her public, because she knows they won't stand for it, but upon her husband.

"There aren't many men who will tolerate emotional scenes or who will

put up with a woman who just hasn't enough time for them."

The psychologist maintains that even great good looks can be an actual handicap.

"Very good-looking persons can become 'impossible' persons. Sometimes they will depend on their looks to get them by. It may work for a while, but in the end, they won't get anywhere. Great beauty can be harmful even to a woman. Often it will cause her to turn down one good opportunity after another because she feels she can do better. Then the time comes when her looks are gone and she can no longer attract anyone."

"Some men are actually afraid of a girl who is too good-looking. They fear they won't hold her. I've had men come to me for advice about marrying girls they love, but who inspire grave doubts in their minds.

This expert insists that the average person's chances for marriage itself are greater than those of his superior friends. Because they are normal, they are less likely to be fearful of marriage and less critical of prospective mates. The superior person often ends up with someone far inferior to himself or doesn't get married at all.

"When the average person marries, there are no comparisons to live up to and no danger that people will say, 'I don't think he (or she) is good enough for her (or him).' He just goes ahead, marries the girl and lives happily ever after."

So if you think you're normal, be thankful!

## —Flights of Fancy—

As breath-taking as two ideas colliding head-on in a one-track mind.

American Girl

Walking as if she were sleeping on a vertical bed.

Time

A position as tentative as coal in a chute.

Nord Riley

Sturdy mountain ranges loafing about nonchalantly.

Arizona Highways

Appearing all in black, like a pigeon that had flown through Pittsburgh.

Robert Buckner

Kine and horses, breast-deep in a sea of fog.

Donn Byrne

Stained-glass windows radiating changing patterns of light in an orchestration of color.

Robert Cadigan

Once upon no time God was.

Sister Gervase

A face that reminded you of the Four Last Things.

Ladislaus Sledz

The automobile has divided mankind into two classes: the quick and the dead.

The Sign

*Well defined . . .*

Prejudice: being down on something you're not up on.

Nat Campbell

Divorce: Malice in One-dear-land.

Mary C. Dorsey

Alcoholic: a man with his feet firmly planted in mid-air.

Anon.

*April and the Rain . . .*

The rich chocolate of spring plowing.—*Conrad Richter . . .* Fields gashed with civilization.—*Shiela Kaye Smith . . .* Restless clouds plotted rain.—*W. C. Estler . . .* Silver lances of rain piercing the soft earth . . . A robin scolding mightily to protect his property—a newly extracted worm.—*Sallie Bristow . . .* Rain like bad popcorn gently plopping in the streets.—*Norman Katkov . . .* A confused whirl of tattered rain skirts.—*T. A. Barry . . .* Snail-lines of rain on the sooty chimney.—*Michael McLaverty . . .* The sun shot piercing shafts of light through diminishing rain clouds.—*Sallie Bristow.*

*Overheard at the table . . .* I ate fish so often during Lent that my stomach rises and falls with the tide.—*F. Jones.*

*Epitaph for a Waiter . . .* God finally caught his eye.—*Irish Digest.*

*Advice . . .* A modest girl never pursues a man; nor does a mousetrap pursue a mouse.—*Texaco Town Talk.*

*Ad in the New Yorker . . .*

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[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

*He is unconstitutional*

## God: By the Week and By the Year

By  WILLIAM O. BRADY of Sioux Falls

Condensed from an address

**B**ISHOP BRADY gave this address at a convocation of the University of South Dakota at Vermillion on Feb. 19, 1948, in observance of the annual Religious Emphasis Week at the university.

**R**ELIGIOUS Emphasis Week is kept, undoubtedly, because the founder of the week and the university authorities then and now were convinced of its value. But to me the name, Religious Emphasis Week, is disconcerting as well as assuring.

Such a week could be so called for various reasons. We could, possibly, conceive of a state university in which due emphasis on religion finds fitting expression and adequate attention each week of the scholastic year. In such a university, Religious Emphasis Week would then indicate that one special week is set aside each year for a sort of superemphasis upon a topic of surpassing importance. That is obviously not the case.

From my experience, the custom of Religious Emphasis Week (at least in the universities I know) seems to follow the method of propaganda for many similar weeks of emphasis on one thing or another: tuberculosis week, national health week, or brotherhood week. I say this without meaning to be critical, only factual. For there is a great danger that we shall

set aside a week for emphasis on this or that chiefly because, throughout the other weeks of the year, the emphasis is inadequate. When the week of emphasis is over, the following weeks will fall into their accustomed pattern.

If it seems cynical to describe Religious Emphasis Week from this second viewpoint, then we are forced to question either the need for the week at all, or to challenge the optimism of those who would be grieved at the cynicism.

Celebration of Religious Emphasis Week in a modern state university is made with evident difficulty. I do not here refer to the diverse religions professed by faculty and students nor to the unfortunate divisions that are the causes of such diversity. I refer chiefly to the fact that our state university is professedly, officially, and legally handicapped in making even a remote approach to religious factors.

This was not so in the early days of the American schools. Since their first establishment in the pioneer days, U. S. schools have undergone radical change in purpose and in viewpoint. Until the great spread of the public-school system that began in the late 1830's and found full development after the war between the states, the chief founded

schools, if not the only founded schools, were religious schools. They were conducted to sustain religion first; and then, by application of sound religious principles, to interpret all life, to communicate all knowledge and to stimulate all culture in the light of the fundamental religious philosophy.

However, since the middle of the 1800's, a change has practically reversed the position from the viewpoint of our founders. This change was an importation of a philosophy of education from Europe. With time, the importation has almost succeeded in eliminating from the educational life of the children of the pioneers what bigotry and persecution only strengthened in the pioneers themselves. The importation consisted in acceptance here, almost without realization, of a secularist and materialist philosophy of education that had infected the European schools and scholars for several centuries after religious quarrels had led scholars to seek truth in their own minds or in nature, but not in God, about whom there was such dispute. Now, under the most favorable circumstances, we are committed either by long accepted custom or by legal enactment to a form of education which places prime emphasis on factual knowledge or purely rational principle and which is not allowed to relate such learning to God. Under less favorable circumstances, religious content or application is not admitted at all; under the most moderate that can be hoped for, considering our circumstances, religious learning is presented,

necessarily, either as something divided from secular learning or as something subordinate to it.

Commencement speakers frequently indicate that the aim and purpose of education is to develop the whole man and to make of him an ideal citizen of the republic. Everyone interested in Religious Emphasis Week must instinctively wonder at the assertion, for those so interested are committed to the principle that a school cannot fully develop the student if it is forbidden or prevented from developing him in his highest faculties and form. Therefore, in assisting with you, I unite with you in the public assertion that by such a *week* and by such an *emphasis* we jointly affirm the truth that a secularist philosophy of education is inadequate and that the restrictions imposed by law or by custom to the effect that religion is, in great measure, divorced from education, are restrictions contrary to the mind and intent of our founding fathers, contrary to man's religious nature itself.

Under the existing Constitution of South Dakota—which possibly needs amendment—is what we do here in Religious Emphasis Week constitutionally defensible? If the University were to set up a school of religion here, could such be justified under the Constitution? Could we use state funds to teach the courses? By "courses" I do not mean what is often done under one disguise or another: for example, the teaching of religion by an emasculated presentation of what passes for "history of religion" or "religious psychol-

ogy" or the "social aspects of religion." By religion I mean an out-and-out course in doctrine. I do not mean carefully selected and edited Bible readings as examples of literature. I mean study of the Bible for discovery of dogmatic truths and for moral guidance. Could such a course be established here? You answer the question. But if your answer is No and such a program would be constitutionally disapproved, then ask yourself two further questions: 1. how does such disapproval correspond with the intent of the fathers of our country? 2. can we logically justify a week of emphasis on something that is constitutionally forbidden during the year?

Something more than generalizations must prevail. Yet, in attempting more, all who here participate in Religious Emphasis Week will find particularization difficult. But, *de facto*, the week is here and you are here and I am here also. Still, what can I, as a Catholic, say to students of Jewish belief. They have a right to expect that the Gentile world will weep with them whether they are persecuted in Palestine, New York or South Dakota. We have a right to say to them, "Settle the religious differences that divide you into fundamentalists and modernists; settle the matters that make you Zionists or the opposite, but settle them among yourselves. And, if we do not seem at times to understand your difficulties, there is no ill will, nor is there anti-Semitism if we do not wish to be mixed into them. Look to your God with hope for the years to come. That

is the tradition of Israel. But look to us also to defend your civic rights and your religious immunity. You keep your Mosaic law as perfectly as you can; we shall keep the Christian law of charity and of brotherhood in your favor as well as in our own."

Likewise, what shall I say to my own Catholic brethren? Will it be some vague generality in the form of the mortician's poster which neither fully expresses our own faith nor properly indicates our relationship to the rest of the Christian body? As your local bishop I shall repeat for you a five point program that should occupy your weeks following this one given to religious emphasis in the university. I repeat the five-point program recently outlined for the men of Italy by Pope Pius XII. 1. Throughout the year, you should endeavor to inform yourselves better on the truths of the Gospel, their meaning in the text, and their application to the problems of modern living; 2. you have a duty to help keep holy the Lord's day, which is rapidly becoming fully secularized; 3. hold fast for yourselves, and explain to others, the religious truths which are the foundations of family solidarity and stability, as well as to the truth we today exemplify that without religious emphasis, purely secular learning may be inadequate or even harmful; 4. you must work for real social justice and for the application of sound economic laws that will lift the burden of poverty from the masses and make the administration of wealth by the rich an act of religion, not a form of per-

sonal indulgence or of social power; 5. you will seek to keep alive the sacredness of "truth" in speech and action, and "loyalty" in all associations, for much modern heresy is evident in the acceptance of "lies" and "treachery."

To the others here of various Christian allegiances, I commend the same program of spiritual emphasis which I have commended to my own Catholic brethren, and ask them to expect from their own religious leaders the same form of positive and constructive leadership.

There is, however, a catch phrase, often quoted, to the effect that the U. S. is a Christian country and that in major part our greatness is due to the Christian content of our culture. Various court decisions have used this phrase, the most explicit being found in the words of Justice Brewer of the U. S. Supreme Court in an opinion delivered in 1892. Without prejudice to what may have been true in 1892, and with all due respect to the courts, I now question the validity of the statement. A country is a "Christian country" either because the majority of its citizens are truly Christian, or, because its citizens follow, in most matters of importance, a Christian code of life. I question whether either can be truly affirmed of the U. S.

As long ago as 1928, the now defunct *Literary Digest* asked about the religious convictions of prominent civic and religious leaders in the U. S. The confessions of reputedly Christian people who denied or doubted the divinity of their Christian Leader, and

who accepted or rejected at random the religious convictions commonly (at least till modern times) and universally accepted as Christian foundations were appalling.

The *Information Service Bulletin* was published by the Federal Council of Churches on Jan. 17. It reports a poll of university students who admit, by the usual questionnaire, that "some form of religious belief or orientation is needed," and 70% of the students subscribe to this. But less than 25% of the same group have retained essential orthodoxy in their beliefs. Average apostasy from parental religious faith is over 50%; among Catholics it is quoted at 15%; among Jews, it is asserted to be the greatest.

In early centuries those who called themselves Christians were those who accepted Christ as God, and His manner of life as divinely imposed. Only those were called Christian who had been initiated into the Christian society by a rite indicated by the Founder; only those were Christians who were admitted into participation in the communal rite of worship, also established by the Founder; only those were qualified Christians who had accepted and professed a definite creed of belief, also taught by the Founder. Only those, and this is of tremendous importance, were allowed to retain the Christian name and Christian affiliation who were faithful in private and in social life to the code of Christian belief and conduct which they had freely and sometimes dangerously accepted. Failure in morals disbarred one from the

Christian community for a greater or less time—but really disbarred; rejection of doctrine or contradiction in creed meant full and complete rejection from the Christian name as well as from the Christian family.

Passage of time has not changed in essentials the qualifications for Christian allegiance. But, by a strange sort of logic, the Christian name is assumed by not a few who sense no obligation to believe in the divinity of Christ and who profess no allegiance to the creed of Christ without privilege of personal modification, selection or interpretation. Naturally, in our free country, a man may call himself by any name he wishes. But assumption of the name of Christian by those who reject Christ as divine or reject part or all of Christ's teaching is no more justified than, but is as puzzling as, the affirmation of our Russian friends that their totalitarian government is democratic.

Can we say that our country is a Christian country in the sense that government and our citizens, in major part, accept, follow, profess, and strive to attain a Christian way of life?

Let me give you a litany of tests or examples so that you can form your own judgment. Polls, similar to the one quoted above by the Federal Council of Churches, show that less than 30% of Americans gather to give God worship formally on the Lord's day. By legal enactment and by legal enforcement, 47 states have accepted divorce legislation which contradicts Christ's doctrine on divorce and remarriage. The shame of divorce and

re-marriage was felt in 1892 when the courts assured us that we had a Christian culture. But the shame is no longer evident when Christian ministers of the Gospel, in defiance of their religious superiors, can take to themselves as wives divorced women, or when the Christian laity can accept as commonplace the announcement of new marital projects while the proposed principles are still legally and morally bound by a current contract. Besides, 48 states admit by law a form of legalized abortion, a contradiction in terminology, and no different in pagan content from that custom at which Christians used to be in horror when heads of unwanted babies were smashed on the Tarpeian Rock. Thirty-seven states admit legal justification for human mutilation by the so-called sterilization laws which have never been medically justified by conclusive argument and which, if wrong in Germany when practiced on the Jews as alleged menaces to society, must be equally wrong when practiced on Americans as alleged handicaps to social improvement.

Legalists openly admit that perjury is common in the courts. Public funds have been used, I am informed, even in South Dakota, to spread the practice of what the Christian conscience used to recognize as a modern form of Onan's crime. Those who questioned the right of our nation to make war by indiscriminate bombing of civilians were challenged on their loyalty. No matter how explicit the Mosaic command and the Christian application of

"Thou shalt not commit adultery," our armies generally accepted prostitution with prophylaxis until a desire to win support for universal military training took cognizance of the Christian concern of mothers and of churches for continence, in the manner of Christ.

I will most willingly admit that a Christian spirit, in some things, does inform our people and underlie our social living. But we cannot assume a smug attitude in Christian security simply because we are a generous people, a peace-loving people and a tolerant people. The lynch law still prevails to make us wonder at our charity; race prejudices are still strong to make us question our peace-loving assertions; religious conflicts are stirred up from time to time, to make us question the reality of our tolerance.

Even this university, if it followed the best instincts of its officers, would find it hard to be fully Christian. I refer to the general limitations imposed on our educative system by the circumstances of American life. For, by a peculiar twist of citizenship, we have come to a strange situation. It is described as "Atheism by Law" by George Sokolsky in the New York *Sun* of Jan. 24.

"Atheism may be taught our children, but not the word of God, not the Bible, not the Psalms, not the Prophets, not the Apostles. Karl Marx is legal in the schools but not Isaiah or St. Mark. They suffer from Biblical affiliation.

"For many this is a very serious question. They say that religion has no

place in the schools. But has antireligion a place? The real difficulty is that the Catholics object to the King James version of the Bible; the Protestants object to the Douay version, and the Jews object to both. But does any one object to a materialistic biological interpretation of man's place in society; does any one complain that his child is being bombarded with an amoral position that man is a product of his environment and that morals are a matter of superstition and social pressures? In a word, all the talk of church and state has nothing to do with the fundamental question, which is, 'What is being done to offset and counteract their corruption by teachers who are atheists and who propagandize an atheistic conception of morals in the public schools?' Unfortunately most of those who discuss this question are too much concerned with money for bus rides and too little with God.

"Unfortunately, while the attack is being made on religion—every kind of religion—with increasing force, the children of God are divided into quarreling, bickering sects who hate each other, discriminate against each other. They have forgotten that Christ taught: 'This is My commandment: that ye love one another, as I have loved you.'

"But few of those, Christians some of them call themselves, pay heed to this counsel. They fret and fume over school lunches and who shall get them out of the taxpayer's money, but they do not worry about the poison that is

daily being poured into the minds of their own children, poisons that have already produced an unmeasurable debasement of man in Europe and project here a society that knows no better guide than the rule of reason and necessity, the passion for self-satisfaction and indulgence.

"This is not a problem for lawyers and doctors of philosophy. It is the obligation of every parent to protect his own child, guard it, nurture its

spirit as well as its body, make it as strong morally as physically. That obligation can be passed on to no one—surely not to the state. To the state, the child, as the person, is a statistical entity to be counted; to the parent, the child is the fulfillment of man's destiny as a moral being."

Religious Emphasis Week can make plain the problem we all face and turn the attention of our schools toward our ideals and toward our God.

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So the way to insure it is to tell them as the CATHOLIC DIGEST does—tell them all that rings true, all that commands reverence, all that makes for right, all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling. If the people, Catholic and non-Catholic, know that about the work of the Church, they are not going to hinder it, unless the devil himself runs the show, as he apparently does in Russia.

The layfolk in the U. S. A. should spend some dough on an insurance policy. They should spend enough to push the circulation of the CATHOLIC DIGEST to five million among Catholics and ten million among non-Catholics *as the barest minimum requirement* for an intelligent coverage against loss.

JOHN A. DOWNEY,  
President, John A. Downey Co.  
Insurance Brokers

## Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Aldis, Harry G. THE PRINTED BOOK. 2nd ed., revised. New York: Macmillan. 141 pp. \$2.25. Short history of printing, binding, and illustration of books. Good introduction to the elements which make for beauty in a book's appearance.

Attwater, Donald, editor. EASTERN CATHOLIC WORSHIP. New York: Devin-Adair. 224 pp. \$2.50. English text of the Liturgy, or Mass prayers, from eastern rites: Armenian, Byzantine, Chaldean, Coptic, Ethiopic, Malabarese, Syrian. Explanations and comparisons with the Roman rite are included.

Bernanos, Georges. SANCTITY WILL OUT; an Essay on St. Joan. New York: Sheed & Ward. 58 pp. \$1.50. Lyrical meditation on the mystery of a saint's suffering at the hands of blind judges, and the greater mystery in the "Church of the saints" being able to find one of her own after lapse of centuries.

Madariaga, Salvador de. THE RISE OF THE SPANISH AMERICAN EMPIRE. New York: Macmillan. 408 pp. \$5. A favorable picture of the intellectual life, living standard, race relationships, and advanced moral and political principles characterizing Latin America during its three centuries of Spanish rule. Corrects the conventional period-of-despotism legend.

Toynbee, Arnold J. CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION (Burge Memorial Lecture, 1940). Wallingford, Pa.: Pendle Hill. 52 pp., paper. 25¢. Non-Catholic historian says that Christianity, or the Catholic Church, is unique in having weathered the collapse of a series of secular civilizations. Those bitter experiences seem intended to bring an accumulation of wisdom for making the way to spiritual progress, the aim of life on earth, increasingly more open to view.

## Putsch Insurance

*To the editor:* I have been reading the Catholic Doctor for the past four years and every time I get my copy I sit down and write a letter and write that letter. I have sat down a few times and started and ended up in the waste basket. I mean the letter.

I've noticed a few things about the Catholic Doctor. First, I've noticed that it is expertly edited and that it is, therefore, darn interesting. And that it maintains interest year in and out, I used to think you would soon use up all the interesting subjects and then get down to dishing out sermons. But you have opened up so many new horizons for me, that even I can see now that you can publish it for the next 100 years and never exhaust the subject.

Second, I've noticed you haven't any advertising. That is a relief, let me tell you. I take it you don't want any. How you run the magazine without it, I can't imagine, but you do, and I want you to know I am grateful to you for not letting someone try to sell me soap or on how to get rid of my pimples.

Third, I've noticed you are positive. Whoever picked that statement of policy on your inside front cover was a genius of some sort and whoever stuck to it all these years should be knighted.

Now I come to the point, perhaps. The Catholic Doctor ought to have a circulation of about five million among Catholics and about ten million among non-Catholics. Why? Well, there are a lot of reasons but the one I keep thinking about is this: that circulation would be an insurance policy on the property owned by the Church in the U.S.

That sound funny? Well, how does it happen that Church property is confiscated by greedy governments in other lands? I guess it happens because the citizens have foggy notions of what it is used for. They don't know what the Church does, they don't know how the property is used, they don't know the heroic sanctity or the energetic self-sacrifice made by the people who use it. So, they sit and let a stupid fellow like Napoleon or Bismarck, or that man in Mexico (what was his name?) or Hitler or Mussolini (to get up to date) steal it. And such fellows dare to steal because they know the people won't protest because they don't know.

*(Continued on inside back cover)*